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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VIII — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1931 — NUMBER 4

Home Fires Burning

IN the club car of a train crossing Indiana, native state of the writing Hoosiers, we idly picked up a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post*. In going through its pages we chanced upon the best homily for young writers that we have encountered for a long time. We have forgotten the exact title of the article which purported to be a true correspondence,—though we think that the *Post* writer involved was one William Hazlett Upson—if his name is wrongly recorded we apologize. In any event a popular author had been approached by an unknown (under an illustrious pseudonym) with the plea that the unknown badly needed three hundred dollars and had a perfectly marvelous story he would furnish to the practised writer if the latter would whip it into shape, market it, and remit from the proceeds the necessary three hundred. The busy writer began by answering that he had too much work on hand to permit him to collaborate in any such fashion. More letters followed from the unknown with the illustrious pseudonym, until finally a true story was unfolded of small comic-tragedy, naturally told, which made most delightful reading. It explained why the unknown wished the three hundred dollars. The unknown's letters, with the replies to them by the secretary of the well-known writer, are what the *Saturday Evening Post* eventually published, netting the unknown somewhat more than the remuneration originally desired. But the point for writers is that the story the unknown originally wished to sell—or the "idea" of what he thought would be a whale of a story—was eventually sent to Mr. Upton and turned out to be merely what he characterized as "a river of applesauce." It treated, we gather, of the most melodramatic derring-do in climes which its perpetrator had never visited. Whereas the homely true story that emerged from the unknown's correspondence was the real, real thing; and the natural manner of the narrator was entirely adequate to its telling.

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The example is not a new one. The point has been made before. But we wish that those *Saturday Evening Post* pages might circulate freely among all beginning authors. It is hard for the young writer with ambitions to realize that his best material is right at his elbow in most cases, in the environment and among the people that he knows, in the apparently trivial episodes of everyday. The test is simply whether the ambitious neophyte can truly perceive what is going on around him and can properly reveal its most interesting characteristics. Perhaps he just naturally hasn't the gift for narrative. In that case he will be thwarted no matter what type of tale he attempts. But if he possesses the gift—and those who do not should not attempt fiction—he was only to ponder his own immediate surroundings to find material on which to exercise it. The natural-born after-dinner speaker can make a cracking good story of a slight incident. Hear another tell it and all its values are lost; it is entirely flat, stale, and unprofitable.

It is perfectly possible, of course, that, as in the famous case of the late George Barr McCutcheon, the seeds of a "Graustark" may lie in an otherwise feeble manuscript. The beginning writer may have a natural *flair* for entirely imaginative romance. He may indeed, on a higher plane, inhabit some such dream country, for the purpose of satire, as has become familiar to American readers through the novels and tales of James Branch Cabell. But that is the off chance—the exception to the rule. In nine cases out of ten the young author, whether he knows it or not, will do best with the episodes of real life as observed from his own particular corner. If he has no natural gift for observation—why, again, his proper role is probably not that of a writer at all. He will simply succeed in reinventing a whole string of already well-worn situations in improbable settings.

Nor need the environment of the author be exotically rich and strange. Put the proper man down in the middle of a Kansas cornfield and a story with a distinctive atmosphere will evolve itself from the processes of his thought, where another would find nothing but dulness and boredom. The very commonplaces of nature, a thousand times described, are susceptible of refreshingly new and vivid presentation. Every new pair of properly-seeing eyes will observe something different. No two pairs of ears, for another instance, hear the same sound as exactly the same collocation of syllables. The beginning writer must have a vocabulary, that goes without saying. The variety of effects to be achieved with the manipulation of words must be familiar to him. But, granted to him a natural armory of phrase, the infinite number of stories in things should be discernible to him, or he has no business attempting an art for which such detective ability is a prerequisite.

Someone is sure to object to our speaking of "the infinite number" of stories. We are quite aware that the fundamental situations upon which all good stories are founded have been catalogued in all their variants. But every new and able narrator brings to the telling of an old story characteristics of his own that make it new. Most human beings look alike. And to the

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Solitary

By HAROLD T. PULSIFER

IN what deep cavern does her soul abide?
On what high mountain peak its far abode?
Has she no sign to give, no light to guide
My star-torn feet along the endless road?
Mouth to my mouth she lies, heart to my heart.
I hold her close and though her breast be sweet
I know that we are planets, skies apart,
Circling on courses that shall never meet!
Is then this loneliness that we call life
Destined forever to endure? No word,
Piercing all mortal vestment like a knife,
That we can speak, and know that we are heard?
If this be so, I shall not be afraid
To meet the shining point of Death's bright blade.

This Week

"The Age of Hate."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.
"England the Unknown."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.
"God in the Straw Pen."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.
"Martin's Summer."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.
"Liaison."
Reviewed by Captain B. H. LIDDELL-HART.
A Week-End Anthology.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.
Pegasus Perplexing: A Charade Contest.

Next Week, or Later

Psychologists and Public Opinion.
By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

A Provincial View

By JOHN R. ADAMS

A PROVINCIAL critic, such as the present writer, watches and waits. At present he has little else to do. The provinces do not want much criticism, and the literary centers do not want his. Though in his seclusion he can hear only the loudest sounds and can see only the most sizable figures, what he loses in detail he perhaps regains in distinctness of outline. His isolation means advantage to him as well as deprivation, but that he should be isolated is nothing but loss to American literary men, not because of the solitary critic but because of the waste land that surrounds him. To understand the limitations of our literature, the writer, the scholar, or the metropolitan critic must step from his world of cultivated intelligence into the barren, unspaded desert of the intellectual back-country. May not the provincial critic, gladly interrupting his monotonous vigil, serve as guide? The author thinks of his public, or of his rival's public; let the provincial critic introduce him to that public which is neither his nor his rival's.

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The life of the provinces is becoming, because of our republican institutions, the life of America. In the world of action in which we live, customs and viewpoints spread from the provinces instead of, as formerly, to them. Not desiring to exaggerate its bleakness, I shall not describe as darkly our local manner of life as did a prominent local go-getter official in a lecture on Training of Youth, in which he is reported to have said, as though disclosing the greatest of possible calamities, that most of the boys leaving our schools are "misfits for their jobs." My own view, quite to the contrary, is that they are misfits for almost everything else. However inexpertly, they work well enough to maintain themselves decently in food and shelter, but art and thought, except as demanded by their immediate life, are totally unknown to them. In describing their literary tastes, which I have uncovered through personal investigation, I shall be describing also the literary tastes of town and countryside and the greater part of the urban population.

Most of my fellow citizens, I have learned, do not read at all. Plainly described, they are illiterate. They can read the billboards and sections of the daily papers, but not, to any purpose, beyond these. In appearance they display none of the squalor associated, in the popular mind, with illiteracy. They are not dull-eyed victims of overwork and undernourishment, but open-faced, well dressed, and capable of performing efficiently the labor of clerks, skilled mechanics, and business and professional men. Their opinions are to a large extent the controlling ones throughout the provinces; position as well as numbers give them weight. Yet in regard to significant literature, both of the past and the present, these good citizens and unexceptionable neighbors are illiterate. With obvious distaste for reading and all cultivated art they boast of the small number of books they have been forced to read.

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In using the term "significant literature" (as well as other expressions implying quality) I realize that I have thrown myself open to several objections, to which it would be vain to attempt brief replies, and to which the only defense I shall offer is the explanation that I am not trying to set up any narrow exclusiveness. In my use of the term I mean to include any work of thought or imagination which tends to broaden the circle of human experience, whether by innovation of idea, by originality of characterization, by brilliancy of technique, or in any other way. I do not exclude competent replaceable work,

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but only books of purely utilitarian value (such as directions for building radio sets), the sloppiest sentimental trash, and obviously empty commercial work that serves only as an inferior means of killing time. When I point out that my neighbors neglect significant literature, I do not mean that they are ignorant of Plato and Spinoza (as of course they are); I have in mind something less erudite or specialized, something as near them as the work of Dreiser, or Cabell, or Frost, or Mumford. Their experience contains no equivalent for such names, and no knowledge of the world of ideas of which they form a part.

Only a relatively small percentage of the local public does read, and its reading serves mainly to confuse it. A college student, for example, hardly knows whether he prefers "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," or "Les Misérables"; another wavers between "The Harvester" and "Anna Karenina." Such a student may, of course, leave college much wiser than he entered it, or he may leave as uncontaminated by literary values as when he came, but he will probably join that numerous class who read classics as labor and what they call modern literature (of the most sensational kind) for recreation. And if he is to be at all like his elders, his confusion of values, which is more properly described as the absence of values, will continue. In the women's clubs (for the men are concerned with sterner matters), programs will continue to be split between Thomas Hardy and Edgar Guest, and in the most intellectual gatherings reference will flit, without variation in emphasis, from Pirandello to Warwick Deeping, from Bruce Barton to Waldo Frank. Unlike the illiterates, such persons may be fluent readers (or prolific poetesses), but it is difficult to see how their reading contributes to their culture, and it is certain that their appreciation, not based upon understanding of literary principles or tendencies, is fantastic and untrustworthy. Of all such readers, casual or persistent, very few (an estimate of three or four thousand in our city's total of one hundred and fifty thousand would exaggerate) have picked up the background to permit them to follow intelligently such significant works as "Prometheus Unbound," "A Christmas Garland," or "The Modern Temper."

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Authors and metropolitan critics, who write for each other, know pitifully little about the state of literary appreciation in America. Wherever they live, they carry with them, in their work and friendships, the world of books. But a farm on which a poet lives is no longer a farm, and a factory in which a poet works, unlike other factories, filled with the emanations of his creative imagination, grants at least the illusion of being a literary center. As it exists in fact, as contrasted with dreams about it, the relation of the public to any significant writer, book, or movement can be compressed into one melancholy statement, invariably true: that four-fifths of our population will never have heard of him or it. The immensity of our numbers overwhelms judgment; but considering that to reach one per cent of our people a book must secure a million and a quarter readers, we can perhaps estimate the number of books which reach ten per cent of the people.

In a sound society, as we have frequently been reminded, his writing is not exclusively the personal concern of the writer, even when as creator he may find his highest pleasure amid invisible presences of past and future. If our most significant, thought-provoking books reach few of our people, it is not the authors who suffer, but the state.

Only false consolation is to be derived from the reflection that a few intelligent readers will gradually inspire a larger number of their less enterprising neighbors. Instead of becoming the leaven that will eventually work the whole mass, such readers are much more likely, because they differ so in outlook from their neighbors, to be pushed farther and farther into isolation, and to end their lives, in spirit at least, the most lonely of recluses. By indifference and hostility silence is forced upon them.

To those who can see all about them the increasing isolation of the intellectual, the recent disturbance in certain restricted literary groups over the standardizing effects of the book clubs appears particularly pointless. If one hundred thousand persons belong to a club, less than one in a thousand (of our total population) belongs. If three hundred thousand belong to all the clubs, about two in every thousand belong. If five people, for each membership, read the books chosen in a given month, one in a hundred (of our total population) has read them, and their influence, instead of accumulating, has been effectively dissipated. To what extent do book clubs destroy the individuality of those who never read a book? To what extent will they contaminate the judgments of those who have no judgment? The one reader in every hundred Americans is lost, a single grain of sand in the vast expanse of the desert of illiteracy. It is not taste or interest that is uniform throughout America, but lack of both taste and interest. This is the appallingly basic fact about our literature.

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Thoughtful writers, rejecting a fatalistic resignation, show through their self-questioning their uneasiness about the state of the national soul. Curiously, only they are dissatisfied. The ignorant, who ought to be pitifully eager for enlightenment, fail to realize their own needs, and the literary men, who have happily tasted the joys of art and thought, are wailing bitterly because they cannot get along in the company of their less fortunate brothers. Those who know nothing of literature, more than willing never to learn anything, have adapted themselves to life without it. Unconsciously following Plato's advice, they are casting out the poets. Their actions, while not as consistently motivated as his, are likely to be more effective, because supported by a positive dislike of what the creative artist means. Although the subject holds far too many ramifications to be considered here, my assumption is that the development of our society into a machine civilization, far from necessitating the absolute stamping out of art and pure reflection, can profitably be directed to widening their scope and deepening their influence.

If it were possible in our complex social system, a policy of hands off would be the simplest solution. If illiterates did not count they could be ignored, but they do count, in our national life as well as in our national census. They are the foundation of our material prosperity as well as the source of our ideals. For American literature they are the most dangerous of influences, for they are in active protest against what, knowing it is not for them, they mistrust. American authors (as well as publishers) have more to overcome than the absence of the reading habit. In a score of ways economic, social, or political pressure can be used to stifle literature; and without doubt the movement, undirected, of our society as a whole will tend away from rather than toward the intellectual and the esthetic.

The task for writers, if they are to avoid what they would surely come to regret, is to discover how (for self-protection if no other reason) the nature of the non-reading public can be changed.

Undoubtedly by an appeal to their weaknesses people could be induced to take up books just as they have been induced to take up straw hats or silk stockings. It is easy to imagine chicanery and buffoonery through which literature could be made artificially respectable, if such false respectability were anything but a danger to it. More useful than tricks are the legitimate developments which, although deriving partly from desires for profit, are also partly due to a sincere appreciation of literature. I refer not only to the book clubs but also to the lecture tours and public recitals of writers and thinkers, performances which, through modification, could be made genuinely beneficial.

People who cannot read for themselves must at first be read to. A thousand significant writers (or more, if in my loose use of the term more exist), devoting a month or two a year to speaking in the smaller towns and cities, would not only increase the possible markets for their books, but would enlarge markedly the general reading public. If twenty thousand lectures were given, through each of which one person became vitally interested in literature, twenty thousand new readers would be gained in a year. In ten years (at a low rate of compound interest) a quarter of a million enthusiastic readers would be recruited, and at least as many sympathetic, but casual or confused readers. But this pleasant result depends upon finding the thousand martyrs, zealots concerned enough for literature to lecture for their expenses or less, and willing to brave the privations and dangers of the American wilderness.

Meanwhile, amateurs, provincials without prestige, are left to spread enthusiasm for the world of books. Only oral criticism will be of much use, for the persons who read book reviews already read books, and what is needed most is a means of communicating with persons who have not yet learned to read.

If the provincial critic were to make an appeal to writers, it would not be that they change either their subjects or their styles. Already we have scores of writers capable, in spite of their limitations, of stimulating our minds or delighting our imaginations. In every respect they are eminently satisfactory, except that they are not read. What they need immediately is not greater literary skill, but more practical courage —courage to face in person the mob that doesn't begin to comprehend them. The common American is not (except as local color or an object of satire) especially inspiring, but though he is ignorant and grossly prejudiced, he is far from unable to form judgments and not at all incapable of learning facts and principles. An honest attempt of a literary man to face illiterate men, not on their own (as we may say here) lower level, but as a literate addressing illiterates, questioning and answering them, is worth more for literature and society than hundreds of false appeals and lying flatteries. Literature is for all men, the simple as well as the subtle. The social maladjustment, the faulty education, and the perverted system of values that deny it to most men can be to a large extent overcome.

On the business side of literature—book publishing and book selling—trickery can hardly be eliminated. Most publishers, however, already abide by high ethical standards (in comparison with those of tobacco or tooth-paste manufacturers) and, as is more important, show greater honesty in the essential part of their business, publishing, than in the supplementary part, advertising. Primarily I refer to the content of many published books, which is of a nature automatically to restrict the reading appeal and consequently the profits; I have in mind also the excellent paper, type, and binding of certain books which sell at approximately the same price as hack work of recognizably transient appeal. I do not see the necessity of besieging the publisher on behalf of cheaper books: though lower prices would undoubtedly increase the size of many a poor booklover's library, it is very unlikely that they can increase materially the number of booklovers, for people are not to be lured to something distasteful to them merely because it is cheaper than it once was.

Disgusting as ridiculous puff advertisements are, they are not due entirely to the publishers, whose most absurd claims become modest beside the even more extravagant enthusiasm of one or another reviewer. If literature is to justify itself, more care in reviewing is demanded all along the line, particularly from recognized leaders. Entirely too few critics examine as rigorously the books they like as those they dislike, and the more sharp-tongued they may be toward their enemies the softer-hearted they are likely to become toward their disciples. The journalistic critics especially appear to be misled by false emphasis on the immediate present, from which the only rescue is a conscious contemplation of standards (by those who admit standards), a conscious discipline of emotional response (by the impressionists), and a systematic reading (by all) of the older classics, which can serve as points of reference in thought about current literature.

In addition to more knowledge, our critics need more honesty. The professional log-rollers are presumably incorrigible, but most critical dishonesty is due to the desire to flatter or appear friendly. Whenever a local celebrity publishes a novel, he sends copies to his literary friends and to the civic leaders, who are virtually compelled to praise it. Nobody wants to knock, and, above all, nobody wants to be known as a knocker. Thus a civic virtue becomes a literary vice, because the critic shirks his duty of openly saying when he feels he ought to say it, "A pleasant fellow, Jones, but a rotten writer."

In this process of maintaining literary standards the provincial critic occupies perhaps the most important position. His loneliness inclines him toward affability and, lacking support from writers or metropolitan critics, he has the hardest struggle to keep a sense of proportion. Surrounded by alien aims, he is the farthest outpost of cultural interests.

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As often as I reach this point in my deliberation I question myself whether I have not merely furnished another example of undue self-concern. At the beginning I ask the reader's permission to serve as guide. At the end I appear to have guided him to myself. However irresistible suspicion may be, it is, I believe, unjustified.

Although it is inescapably central to himself, a reflective spectator can realize that the point from which he observes the life about him is peripheral to most of the people who fall within the scope of his view. For a provincial this is especially easy: he is like the astronomer who, in spite of standing upon the earth, can conceive of it as a tiny speck on the outer edge of being. It is because the provincial critic's position is not really central that it is signifi-

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cant. It lies outside the borders of two at present unrelated groups, the aims of both of which are revealed to him, however fragmentarily, better than to each other.

In the distance he sees a few writers and readers, working and fighting with each other upon commonly accepted ground. All about him he observes the terrifyingly vast American wilderness in which speculation and art have no place, and to whose inhabitants the existence of readers and writers means at most a source of irritation. Until this second group can share the experiences and purposes of the first (which it can become aware of only through the first) American literature will remain, throughout the wide expanses of our country, barren and meaningless.

Johnson and His Time

THE AGE OF HATE. Andrew Johnson and the Radicals. By GEORGE FORT MILTON. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. MILTON'S book, while primarily a history of the period from 1864 to 1869, is also quite the best biography that we have of Johnson during the years of his presidency. It could not well avoid taking on a biographical character, for Johnson was the storm centre of national politics after the death of Lincoln, and the Republican Radicals very largely lived, moved, and had their political being in the prolonged attempt to defeat Johnson's policies and compass his political ruin. Mr. Milton tells the story with a restraint and balanced judgment altogether admirable, and with a documentation whose thoroughness leaves nothing to be desired.

He is not blind to Johnson's temperamental weaknesses, but he does not exaggerate them, nor does he minimize the defects of policy which the Radicals were quick to turn to their advantage. He can even bring himself to recognize in Thaddeus Stevens, the "Pennsylvania Caliban," the "fertility of resource" which was one of that leader's traits, to concede that he had "unusual ability" and "did not stoop to self-deception," and to point out that he "would cut through oceans of wordy debate to the kernel of controversary in a flashing sentence." Charles Sumner, "the eërie, evil genius who sat in Daniel Webster's seat in the Senate, spinning tenuous spider-webs of far-fetched theory about Negro equality," gets less adequate recognition.

> In his own opinion Charles Sumner was almost a demi-god. He permitted none the right to question the logic of what he said, the language in which he said it, or the illustrations from four tongues with which he brocaded his carefully prepared remarks . . . Few men so generally disliked by his associates as Sumner ever sat in a legislative hall.

Mr. Milton's journalistic training enables him to take full advantage of the opportunities presented by the striking personalities and spectacular or vulgar episodes with which the early reconstruction period abounds, and he draws vivid pictures of Stanton, Grant, Ben Butler, and many others. The great portrait, of course, is that of Johnson, and it is impossible to study it without realizing again how grievously Johnson has been maligned, his ability underrated, and his policies misrepresented. The accounts of the trial of Mrs. Surratt for complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, and of the impeachment trial which brought the climax of Johnson's career, are excellent pieces of historical narration. The principal limitation of the book is that its point of view is too personal. Granting that the Republican Radicals were bent upon vengeance and party supremacy, and that the constitutional arguments of Johnson which they ruthlessly overrode were in the main sound, the public opinion which the Radicals represented and Johnson antagonized was nevertheless the supporting and driving force behind Republican policy. Mr. Milton does not by any means ignore its existence, but he might well have given it greater prominence.

According to a report from Toronto a library has been found in the Hudson's Bay territory containing hundreds of valuable books accumulated by traders during the last two hundred years. Among the volumes are said to be first editions of the "Pickwick Papers" and of Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

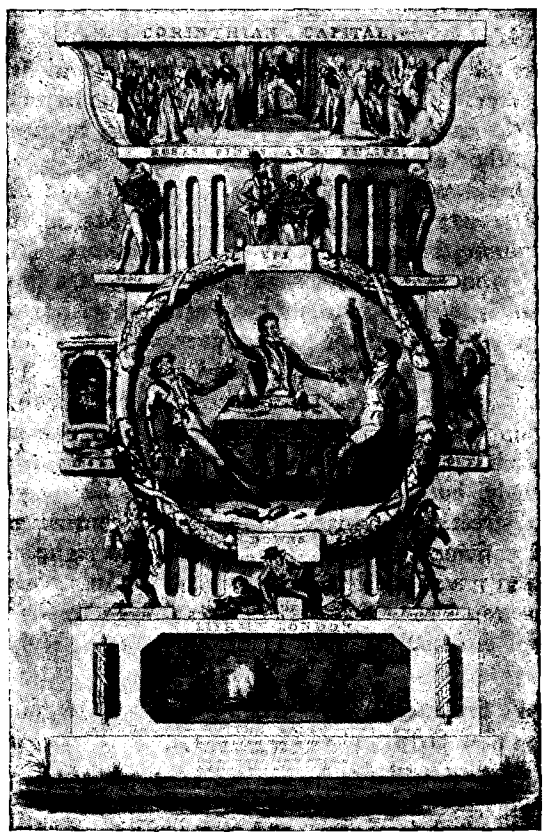
The English Democracy

ENGLAND THE UNKNOWN ISLE. By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

ENGLAND is an admirable subject from which to stray. It is also an easy subject upon which to generalize. To say that this book avoids both these traps, that it is at once compact and pertinent, is to give it no small praise: but it is more than that—it is profoundly truthful. And though there are many ways of arriving at the truth, I think that Cohen-Portheim has chosen the most difficult way, since he has chosen to see only what is in front of his face, to discover and analyze only what is obvious.

"Obvious" is here used in the sense of something which, because it is taken for granted, is generally ignored; something which only a man with a touch of genius can "discover"—that is, clarify—as Cohen-Portheim discovers it. His book itself is in the way of being a paradox—it is strange and exciting because it is careful to avoid what is strange and exciting; it is subtle because it aims at the simple truth; it reveals what was never hidden and yet those who know England best will be the most surprised by it. It is, in fact, a masterpiece of analysis and exposition, a book that is very possibly on its way to becoming a



As Cruikshank once saw England's Capital.

classic. Since its analysis is invariably factual rather than fanciful it would be impossible to summarize its contents in anything but a very long article. Generally speaking, it deals with the geography, the history, the society, the politics, the art, the press, and the character of the English people. There is a chapter on London which is the most brilliant description I have read in a long while, and a discussion of the British Empire which is worth several readings. Indeed, anybody with an interest in England should make a point of having this book on his shelf; and it would be no exaggeration to say that anybody who is thinking of traveling in England will find it the very best of guides. It is not on the surface a tourist's book—it dismisses the "towns, small islands, *domus* and *rus*" of the United Kingdom in one short chapter; but while it does not tell us what to see it does tell us what to expect—in other words, how to see. It is only possible here to give a few instances, which, torn from their context and with none of Cohen-Portheim's sensitive and penetrating analysis to support them, may do scant justice to the whole work.

Much that he has to say is summed up in two passages. The first is taken from his conclusion:

> The British Empire is an expression of the same ideal that is responsible for, let us say, the University of Oxford, society, the parliamentary system, and the architecture of London . . . it is the living symbol of a philosophy of life. England believes in the ideal of freedom but not in the ideal of equality. Nature knows nothing of equality. The Englishman . . . breeds human beings just as he breeds race-horses, and according to his instinctive conviction one can no more put human beings on the same level than one would a race-horse and a cart-horse or a dog-rose and a Maréchal Niel.

The second comes from a highly intelligent chapter on Oxford and Cambridge:

> Decline and surrender of privileges from above, growth and acquisition of them from below, and constant revision of the balance of classes—such is, in my view, the law of England's social, political, and economic development.

He is concerned throughout the book with the different manifestations of English character and their relation to the purely English phenomenon of an aristocratic democracy: and I doubt if any man could have made a more searching or a more certain exposition. In this respect his conception of the Englishman's attitude to his social superiors is worth quoting —" 'I'm as good as he is and there's nothing to stop me rising to his level;' " a conception which provides among other things a long needed counterblast to Thackeray's immortal snob.

Cohen-Portheim treats of English behavior in terms of repression and of English humor in terms of sentiment. There has never been any misunderstanding about the first, though the logical conclusion, namely that the English have fairly decent manners but no etiquette, has so far escaped most foreign observers. As for the second, it accounts for a good deal from Chaucer's Prologue to the latest joke in *Punch;* but is, in spite of its many and various implications, so clear that it has not been perceived. So, too, he can say:

> The English have the same attitude to the productions of sentimental art as older children have to fairy tales; they do not believe in them any longer . . . but they like listening to them because it would be lovely if they could be true.

There is excellent testimony to the truth of this in Priestley's "The Good Companions." It is a production of sentimental art, and it is also a modern equivalent of the fairy tale: none of its characters could actually have existed, but there was not an English reader who did not wish them into existence. The book abounds in observations of this sort, observations which make one think. There is the beautiful remark that, unlike their Renaissance counterparts in Europe, the English gentleman and lady date from medieval chivalry. When we read this, and remember that both these inexplicable creatures were pretty severely shaken in the "Troilus and Criseyde" as far back as 1380, their stubborn survival is something to ponder upon.

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There are two main objections to this book. The first that its author is sometimes inclined to sophistry; the second, and far more important, that his ignorance of English country life practically invalidates his observations on that very large and very representative side of England. And some may think it altogether too partial. As a matter of fact it is beautifully balanced, and beautifully balanced only because it is properly critical, because it never fails to give two sides to any picture: indeed, it would be difficult to find a better piece of constructive criticism than Cohen-Portheim's analysis of the phrase "*perfide Albion.*" As a critic he lacks a certain agreeable pungency only because he is a true cosmopolitan, because he sees that Europeans damn England for a good many sins they are themselves inclined to.

This is not a book which one can praise or dismiss or describe in a review: the proof of it is only in the reading. Seeing that its author is an Austrian, its just and optimistic attitude must have made it popular in England: but I should be surprised if it did not also perturb most of those who read it there. Running counter to its mood there is a curious air of *ave atque vale*, as though the precision and clarity of its argument, and the depth of its understanding, were actually killing, chapter by chapter, a long cherished and vital possession. For England has one thing at least in common with the rest of the world, and has it perhaps more profoundly. She prides herself on being misunderstood.

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(*Continued from page* 49)

human most animals look even more alike. Yet any lion-tamer will tell you that no two lions have exactly the same physiognomy. To the Zulu most white men may, at a glance, seem indistinguishable. To us quite the opposite is the case. Yet the fundamentals remain the same. So with the fundamentals of stories and the actual stories themselves.

We leave the above to the consideration of the young author who is intent upon descending in the fall upon our great city and wresting fame and fortune from it by dint of written fiction. Let him first carefully canvass the resources of his own territory with regard to material. The chances are that if he looks closely at all he will decide that the field is, after all, quite fruitful enough for the time being.

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The Wrath of God

GOD IN THE STRAW PEN. By JOHN FORT. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

SUCH Southerners, and there are many, who have seen the orgiastic Christianity of the modern Southern revival will find no difficulty in accepting the grim truth as well as the bitter beauty of John Fort in his new novel, "God in the Straw Pen," a picture of men and women and itinerant Methodism in the upland South of the 1830's. It is a book readily comprehensible to everyone everywhere who has heard men and women scream in hysterical agony at clerical harangues upon the wrath of God.

It is a book about the wrath of God. And less directly it is a book that says this: that the wrath of God is a desirable, dramatic thing to people who have nothing desirable and dramatic in their own lives. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, could never furnish the drama the August meetings require. It takes hell and sin and lots of hell and sin to give the Methodist and Baptist August meetings the dramatic splendor which they provide for backwoods Methodists and backwoods Baptists. Salvation is the happy ending, but the real drama depends upon sin and the bad devil and the hot hell. It did in 1830. It does today.

Mr. Fort may not think that fair. Directly he says no such thing. Directly he writes about the conflict between a powerful and power-loving elderly evangelist and his assistant, sex-starved and self-conscious. The young man preaches at the older man's order, but actually he has thought of a woman who said, "You're only shy. Kiss me. That is better. You must not close your lips and you must put your hand on my heart." The young man finds his way at last to uncertain freedom and individuality. It is his victory: I myself, he says, am important to God. I shall live as it pleases me to live.

* * *

It is not Mr. Fort's story, however, but his picture of a community and a religion which makes his novel distinguished. His is not a pretty picture, but it is a powerful one. With grim sympathy he draws the portrait of a group of those who are to be touched by the meeting. The woman of John Addis, the men at the groggery, sick Sam, the blind man at Thorn's, the three chained Negroes, and the Widow Gibson are all figures for a pity not to be found in a God of wrath. Against them Mr. Fort draws, but not so successfully, the cotton snobs who are resting in enlightened elegance at their up-country plantation. Together they make a world full of starvation of body and soul, and a deep class bitterness and class fear. The story rises to drama as the young, uncertain preacher preaches with apparent certainty his sermon on "The Death of a Sinner." Mr. Fort has been wise in choosing a subject that has been used by countless evangelists to arouse unnumbered thousands to come before the pulpit to the straw pen to wallow and pray for salvation. No better picture of American religion in the raw has ever been drawn than this at the climax of Mr. Fort's book.

Certainly the sympathy of Mr. Fort is not in the straw pen of salvation, and yet he has not allowed his antipathy to betray him into scorn. The people stirred by the foretaste of hell and moved with the conviction of their own sins have always his deep and understanding sympathy. He himself, he writes, shares this dark Methodist conviction of sin. "The thunderous words" of the itinerant evangelists still follow him "as other thunderous and like words follow countless Americans as we ride into the darkness of the unknown years. There is no escape from the ancestral mould."

* * *

Strangely, I read John Fort's book at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, where within their own sanctuary of mountains Methodists from all over the South gather each summer to hear preaching every day. There are words not quite so thunderous in the big open air auditorium. There is not much direct speaking of the wrath of God, of a hot hell and a bad devil. The congregations sit not upon logs levelled at the top but upon rustic cane-bottomed pews. There is not so much of the wrath of God. But there is the same unanswered hunger in the faces of the listening. There is not any straw pen. All at Junaluska are presumed to be already saved. But sometimes it seems that the people behind the hungry faces would have a better time if someone did shout, threatening God's wrath, and they were allowed to go, mad with barbaric divinity, to the straw pen, to suffer ecstatically for a little while in a world in which their sufferings, like their joys, are without color and certainly without ecstasy. It may be that the old Methodists were right even if they lacked such dignity and beauty as John Fort and I, both at least half-lost Methodists, prefer.

Mr. Fort's book has been chosen as the August volume of the Book League of America.

A Modern Idyll

MARTIN'S SUMMER. By VICKI BAUM. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

A SECOND book by Vicki Baum is bound to find itself in somewhat the position of the younger sister of a famous beauty or the junior brother of an all-star athlete. The swift and sweeping popularity of "Grand Hotel" has established a difficult precedent for later comers. And of course readers will be disappointed if "Martin's Summer" is not enough like "Grand Hotel," just as they will object to its being too much like it. There is a touch of dilemma in the situation.

It may be said at once that "Martin's Summer" is slighter in scale and simpler in scheme than its predecessor. In it the story is held more closely to the focal point of one character; all the actions and reactions in the book spring from or are directed towards some relationship with the central figure. This knits the novel more closely, if more conventionally, together. The book might be called a modern idyll, but the emphasis in such a statement must be thrown upon the "modern."

One season in the life of Frauensee, a mountain lake resort; one summer in the life of Martin Heil, swimming instructor to fair weather visitors. Martin, who is twenty-six although he seems much younger, is, very insistently, a doctor of science who has taken the summer position purely as a sportsman, not at all as a professional. And not one but all the ladies of the lake fall clamorously in love with his flashing bronze body and blond head. A young man in such a beleaguered condition seems fair game for comedy, but Miss Baum does not lose her way up that street. She makes of Martin a contradictory and convincing young man, stubborn to pigheadedness at times, pliable to tears at others. In a position that would render almost anyone unbearable, he remains essentially likable.

* * *

We first meet Martin arriving at Frauensee, proud in his new brown, box-calf shoes that were so soon to reveal their true nature as "a pair of equivocal ambiguities that might possibly do for every occasion but were correct for none," and carrying in a cardboard box his one real suit, the traiterous blue that was to grow shorter and shorter in the wretched rains of Frauensee and to resemble less and less the obligatory tuxedo of the Frauensee gala nights.

But clothes are not Martin's only trouble this trying summer. The very elements conspire against him. Cold and rain day after day. And his sole income the small commissions from swimming lessons. He does his best—"Martin was out by six and had tested the temperature of the water—sixteen degrees centigrade. He went round to the front near the office and chalked up '19 degrees C' in huge figures on the blackboard." There is the clue to Martin. He would not chalk up the temperature without testing it, but he would raise his findings to an inviting figure.

And the amphibians with whom Martin has to deal! What a set they are,—Frau Mayreder who forces her little Pamperl and the poor Herr Mayreder into agonizing lessons and plunges herself daily into the lake, no matter what the chill, swimming in her hopelessly old-fashioned way, "almost upright in the water with her legs right down and her shoulders almost clear of the surface, her remarkable, swanlike strokes not advancing her a single inch"; the Saxon gentleman who was "convinced that swimming could be taught by self-instruction as easily as French or Spanish, so he repaired to the tadpole pond, laid himself flat on the water, and immediately sank to the bottom," and all the others.

It is so one enjoys and remembers "Martin's Summer,"—in the happy, incidental characterizations, the bright glancings of Martin's young misery (the European title is "Hell in Frauensee"). The same qualities were clear in "Grand Hotel," but there was little hint there of Miss Baum's eerie trick of getting the feel of earth, the tang of air, the scent of rain, of night, of summer, on her pages. The story in development is less satisfactory than in panorama. The first half of the book is so gaily a hit or miss of days and nights that one senses with uneasiness the gradual approach of what threatens to be a made-to-order tragic ending. The relief of escape is somewhat marred by a right-about into a typical happy ending. It seems too bad to seal Martin up for the future with a wife and fortune all neat inclosed.

A Rollicking Tale

FOUR IN FAMILY. By HUMPHREY PAKINGTON. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1931. $2.

THE lines of this novel are flung in very pleasant places. It achieves the difficult task of being lightly amusing without running into the smug or sentimental. So few authors turn their hands to good-humored humor, non-ax-grinding, non-crow-picking entertainment, that there is especial cause for thanksgiving when one who has a way with him takes pen in hand for a reader's holiday.

If such light, fantastic novels are hard to write, they are, as Alice should have said, difficulter and difficulter to describe. Their charm lies in the incidental and the incalculable. Spontaneity of writing and exuberance of episode count for much more than any plot, or plots, or malice of forethought characterization. The wit is to be taken on the wing and will not stand a great deal of second handling.

One might mention that the Warmstrys are "four in family" because Mrs. Warmstry took cognizance of the fact that "most people seem to have about four nowadays," but what is to be said of the pages of nonsensical delight when the family discuss with the architect the plans for the new home? It is possible to report that Uncle William, who had been a completely invisible invalid for almost half a lifetime under his wife's régime, bloomed suddenly into visible existence at her funeral, with an optimistic sport suit beneath his decorous fur overcoat, and continued to enjoy a pleasant and well preserved widowerhood for years and years and years—but how give any idea of the fun to be had from the long argument between Mr. and Mrs. Warmstry as to the wording of the announcements of their removal to the country? And the ghastly meetings of the "Young Peoples Literary League" with its Half Hours with Keats and its Tours round a Biscuit Factory, the picnic on the river with too many people for the boat, and the inevitable storm? And so on through one Ruth Draperish incident after another until the rollicking whole is, alas, encompassed.

A Balanced Ration for Week-End Reading

GOD IN THE STRAW PEN. By JOHN FORT. *Dodd, Mead.*

A story of men and women and itinerant Methodism in the Georgia of a century ago.

THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY. Edited and selected by MURIEL MASEFIELD. *Dutton.*

Extracts from the correspondence and journal of Frances Burney, presenting an inimitable picture of the eighteenth century society of which Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, and Mrs. Thrale among others were members.

THE SHORTER POEMS OF ROBERT BRIDGES. *Oxford University Press.*

A volume of selected poems from the works of the late Poet Laureate.

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Published weekly by the Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879 Vol. 8. No. 4.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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England and France

LIAISON, 1914. By Brigadier-General E. L. Spears. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by Captain B. H. Liddell-Hart

IN "Liaison, 1914" General Spears has brought to life the opening clash of the war and the agonizing days of the French recoil. He has produced a book that is fascinating reading, more fascinating than almost all the works of fiction on the war, and if in some ways it is better reading than history, it will be of lasting value to the well-versed student of history. The reader is most persuasively carried into the intimate milieu of the headquarters where the issues were decided in an atmosphere of mingled fear and courage, doubt and determination, petty jealousy and perfect self-suppression. Above all, this book shows one the predominating influence of human nature which historical documents too effectively conceal.

It treats of the most dramatic phase of the war, and it treats it with dramatic art. Perhaps it is a shade too dramatic, or at least its pen pictures are so perfect in their reconstruction of detail that one wonders if any human memory can be so sure and complete. This contrasts somewhat curiously with the author's confession that when he revisited one of the towns occupied by Army Headquarters during the retreat he found it "quite different" from his recollection—"I could not find my way about. So much for accurate memories."

Again, it is not always clear where personal recollections end and second-hand evidence begins. I find, for example, that a number of the stories here woven into the narrative are identical with what I have myself been told by certain French officers who were on the spot. It is possible that General (then Lieutenant) Spears was a witness of each of these incidents and remembers it in exactly the same way as my informants. But the possibility also suggests itself that he heard the account of them from the same sources as I did, although nearer the time of origin.

If there is any substance in this reflection it has a bearing on his judgment of General Lanrezac, and on the evidence which he contributes to the historic controversy over Lanrezac's attitude. For the staff officers who surrounded Lanrezac were at that time enthusiasts for the doctrine of the *offensive à outrance* and in consequence were naturally prone to detect irresolution where the real motive may have been a sober caution.

General Spears is the more convincing because of his unmistakable desire to understand opposing points of view. It inclines us to accept the validity of any impressions he received direct. But if some of them were received from biassed sources, however honestly biassed, their value as evidence is obviously lessened. Hence it is unfortunate that the author does not define the limits of his own observation more distinctly.

* * *

The interest and value of the book is highest in the first half, which covers the concentration on the frontier and the beginning of the retreat, because here the author is most personal. He seems to carry us with him in that khaki uniform that he first donned on French soil on the morning of August 5th, whereupon his concierge remarked "How funny you look, disguised as a dusty canary." Even the French soldier felt that an Army whose officers went to war in a collar and tie was not duly serious.

We are wafted with Lieutenant Spears to Joffre's headquarters and spend several days in that atmosphere of military monasticism where secrecy is carried so far that "Operations" hides its plans from its own "Intelligence"—shutting off the eyes from the service of the brain. Then we go up to the frontier, to the flank army of Lanrezac athwart which is falling the unsuspected shadow of the German masses that are coming through Belgium.

There we see the troops destined for sacrifice and disillusion; troops clad in the red and blue that "turned each man into a target," led by gallant officers who "were entirely ignorant of the stopping power of modern firearms," and "thought it chic to die in white gloves." They are just about to learn the folly of their pre-war training and to discover that "to fix bayonets and sound the charge is no magic recipe for victory."

We are also introduced to General Lanrezac, "a big, flabby man, with an emphatic corporation," who sensed the looming menace, yet failed to disclose his full apprehensions owing to that pervasive military habit of concurring with the views of the superior rather than incur displeasure. Through early suppression his fears, it is here implied, ultimately take possession of his judgment. And, characteristically, he vents his feelings on his neighbors.

Sir John French arrives, and the two commanders try to discuss plans without any interpreter. Lanrezac spoke no English, and his ally was hardly better in French. Misunderstanding sharpened exasperation, and French at least could understand that Lanrezac was being rude. An unhappy beginning. "It was, of course, the armies that paid the penalty."

Spears was frequently sent with a French companion scouring the country to verify whether the British were keeping their promise to come up on the French left. Yet in the outcome it was the distrustful Lanrezac who retired first and left his unwarned ally in the lurch. Spears believes, contrary to the general view, that Lanrezac could have resisted the greatly superior German right wing. He argues that on the Sambre Lanrezac "was in an exceptionally favorable position, either for attack or defense, but General Lanrezac neither attacked nor organized himself for defence."

Perhaps he could have stemmed the onrush—but perhaps only if the French infantry had been realistically trained before the war.

It is interesting to read of the vigorous protests of younger French staff officers. A Captain Malick audaciously and prophetically declared to his chief, "If we retire now we shall not stop until we reach the Seine." Others appealed to Spears to make a protest. And the British cavalry subaltern bearded the French army commander with the astonishingly bold declaration, "If by your action the British Army is annihilated, England will never pardon France, and France will not be able to pardon you."

It is pleasant to read the tributes to those French officers who did not forget their ally's danger, and especially those paid to the indefatigable Sordet and his weary cavalry for their efforts to cover our exposed flank. It is less pleasant to read, as is already well known, how, in the second phase of the retreat, the British commander, unforgivingly irritated, would not lend a hand to aid his allies and neighbors. When Lanrezac turned to strike back at the Germans near Guise, Haig volunteered to coöperate, but although his corps was in good fettle, Sir John French overruled the offer, and brusquely told the French that he would wait until their army had won a victory.

> The truth was that that point in British psychology had been reached when complete and blissful confidence was replaced by almost irremediable suspicion and mistrust. Those who have had to negotiate with Englishmen, whether officials or otherwise, know how difficult it is ever to retrieve ground thus lost and to reëstablish erstwhile confidence.

The author tells fully, if not freshly, how difficult and disconcerting British headquarters showed itself in the days that followed. His sympathetic power of seeing the French point of view is the more notable because he frequently suffered the full force of French temperamental reactions against his country. Thus, for example, he was doing an attachment at the War Ministry during those crucial days when France was mobilizing and Britain still undecided. In consequence, he "ceased to be a comrade and had suddenly became an object of suspicion. . . . I was virtually a prisoner, and felt strongly the humiliation and helplessness of my position."

Again, in the strained periods of the retreat he several times had to listen to tirades against British ways. And it was no consolation that by his British chiefs, equally ready to condemn their allies, he was regarded as unduly Francophile. Such, unhappily, is always the lot of a liaison officer—like the man who interferes in a dog fight, he is apt to be bitten by both sides. Disconcerting also to English ideas of justice was the summary treatment of suspected spies and the argument of the court martial officer: "If a proportion of those who are executed today are guilty, even one or two, we have every reason to be satisfied that our duty to the country has been done." Some of the photographs are gruesomely vivid.

But equally vivid are the descriptions of personalities and scenes. Here is one of Lanrezac's army as its men "stumbled back" a few days before the historic call to turn about:

> They looked like ghosts in Hades expiating by their fearful endless march the sins of the world. Heads down, red trousers and blue coats indistinguishable for dust, bumping into transport, into abandoned carts, into each other, they shuffled down the endless roads, their eyes filled with dust that dimmed the scalding landscape, so that they saw clearly only the foreground of discarded packs, prostrate men, and an occasional abandoned gun.

For the understanding of operations much is due to the maps, which have been designed with an expository skill that deserves high praise.

The least convincing part of his book is the later part where General Spears deals with the turning point of the Marne, and seeks to settle the long dispute as to the respective shares of Joffre and Galliéni. Here his personal impressions are few and far between and his account is mainly based on printed sources. He follows the French official history, and the documents of which it is largely made up, with more fidelity than critical assessment, and does not seem aware of the full documentation of this controversy. It is thus a pity that he takes such a decided line.

Like his friend General Maurice, whose influence on the book can be easily detected, he is a "wholhogger" for Joffre. Indeed, he goes even further than Maurice—perhaps because his historical study of war and the war has begun more recently and been more restricted.

Both agree in disputing Galliéni's influence on Joffre's decision. Both, in particular, throw doubt on the vital fact of Galliéni's telephone "urge" to Joffre on the evening of September 4th, 1914. Maurice has declared that if any such telephone conversation took place it was not until about 10 p. m., after Galliéni had received Joffre's instructions for the offensive. Spears, in a passage which reads almost like a paraphrase of Maurice, asserts that Galliéni's memoirs "say nothing" of such a conversation. That this is an incorrect statement anyone can discover by turning to page 120 of the memoirs where Galliéni says "I telephoned myself to the Commander-in-Chief" and gives an account of what he said!

Both Spears and Maurice, in regard to the controversy take up an advanced position from which in France even the partisans of Joffre have long since withdrawn. They show a faith in the official case which is rather remarkable in these days when the difference between truth and official truth is well recognized. Spears rather pontifically remarks that "it is particularly painful" that Galliéni should have implied that there was faking of documents and that "if there was any faking" it must have been on Galliéni's part. This ignores the simple fact that Joffre was Commander-in-Chief for two and one-quarter years after the Marne and alone had control of the official archives. He and his entourage were thus the only people who had opportunity to fake the case in the interests of their own reputation. Galliéni was not merely powerless but dead! If Spears had studied the French official history more carefully he would have discovered that its compilers admit that they could not find in the files of Joffre's headquarters any copy of Galliéni's original attack proposals to Joffre and can only tell that these were made by finding a copy of Joffre's reply to them. This "disappearance" has certainly a sinister suggestion.

When there are so many gaps in all war records, which can only have come through deliberate destruction, and so many charges of faking bandied about, the critical historian will not be content to trust purely to the documents contained in a headquarters dossier. He will be specially on his guard where such do not tally with copies preserved in the files of an independent headquarters. Thus he will be guided also in his judgment by inherent probabilities, by evidence of character, and by the impressions of eye witnesses. General Spears's impression of Joffre on August 26th does not suggest a man who had much hope of a general counter-offensive or was on tiptoe to seize the chance.

And therafter the gloom deepened. Indeed, the author himself declares that it was only on August 31 that the Retreat began "in real earnest." Joffre's pessimistic letters of August 30 and September 2 completely annul the absurd claims for prevision which are often based on his order of August 25.

Not only did Joffre on September 2 reject Sir John French's suggestion of a stand on the Marne, but in a note to his army commanders he declared, without reservation, his intention to continue the retreat to an arc-shaped line south of the Seine and the Aube, where they would "fortify themselves" and "recruit with the drafts from the depots." And on the very morning of September 4 he reiterated this intention in a message to Sir John French. All

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special pleading after the event breaks on the rock of this sustained resolution to retreat.

Most unfortunate of all, however, for Spears's argument is the publication of a book by Commandant Muller, Joffre's own aide-de-camp during the battle. We learn from him that Joffre had been pondering the proposals for a counter offensive all day. Some of his staff advocated this strongly while others were as violently opposed to it. But Joffre gave no sign of taking a decision. Then he went back to dinner at the house where he lodged with his two aides-de-camp. "*Towards* 8 *p. m.* the General . . . is called to the telephone by the Governor of Paris" [Galliéni] who "tells General Joffre that he has taken his dispositions for an attack north of the Marne . . . and he *insists* that its delivery should take place without any change being made in the time and site arranged." "Very quickly Joffre accepts suggestions which accord with the general action which he has already accepted as an *eventuality*." The italics are mine. Of course, Joffre hoped to return to the offensive some time. But in war the right time is everything. If the retreat had gone on the French armies would probably have dispersed.

For the impartial historian there seems to be only one natural conclusion from the fact that, as Muller shows, it was *only after*, and *immediately after*, this telephone discussion with Galliéni that Joffre told his staff of his decision to fight on the Marne.

Reflections in a Mirror

ONCE in a Cambodian palace, and once again (I think) at Wembley, I met an infinite number of myselves in a room panelled with mirrors. Myselves were massed in dwindling perspectives—some turning a conscious cold shoulder one to another, like fellow-guests who have not been introduced—some wholeheartedly unaware of one another's presence—some anxiously watching me as if they expected me to utter an epoch-making remark—some sturdily standing with their backs to me in order to return the wistful stare of some outlying member of the horde. This army of myselves seemed to me at first a challenge—and then an attack—almost a lynching.

Imitations, as I had known, stand always ready to lynch the original; substitutes seek realities in order to murder them; words assemble like vultures to devour thought; formulæ suck the blood from the living phrase and leave it a husk, as the young of scorpions drain and desert the body of their mother. But in myself, I thought I contained the only indisputable reality; until I faced this rabble of myselves, I had not realized how much at the mercy of imitation was even this me—this lonely and genuine flesh that clung about my bones. Here were exact copies of this self-contained flesh of mine—seen flesh that was no flesh—a cheap imitation of me—an infringement of my patent—and apparently just as good as the original. What was myself, then, if a hundred other perfect myselves could be so lightly printed on a hundred facets of an enclosure? At once the menace of substitutes became real to me—the lynching of myself by myselves was begun, and in a moment I was clinging for dear life to my bones—the only part of me which—it seemed to me—was above competition with this dangerous, pretentious crowd—the only part that — claiming nothing — could not be denounced as impostor.

I pinched my elbow; *there* undoubtedly was the bone; it confessed itself robustly to my fingers—a splendid secret, like the lantern at the belt of the boy Stevenson. All the women in all the mirrors pinched their elbows, too — but pinched them in vain, I thought triumphantly; they could never prove the receipt of a message from the bone—mere jellies-for-the-eye that they were. Yet could I prove it? To whom could I prove it? How faultlessly did the scores of substitutes imitate my look of triumph over a thing proven; they knew, evidently, all my tricks of expression—better than I did myself. I had never seen before that rugged pucker at the corner of my left eye that half the profile myselves so impudently parodied. Were they—even boneless as they were—perhaps more me than I was?

I looked at that half of the multitude that turned its back upon me, and was disquietingly introduced to the me that walked the earth *when I was not looking*. I saw the humble, unforeseen line of my back—the ignoble aspect of my hat—which had a side as secret as the moon's other side; the sight of my stranger heels ready to walk away from me reminded me that behinds—like hats—are among dignity's most vulnerable points—always the first salients to fall before the onslaught of buffoon circumstances. So this unauthorized poor dummy of a thing walked about representing me in other people's sight. Even the frontal aspect—the authorized version of myself—the facet on which what attention I could spare to my appearance was lavished—parodied by all these substitutes, winking and blinking with such idiot unanimity—made me ashamed to have faced eyes all my life. Here, therefore, was a menacing majority of false myselves; here was a silent outshouting by the imitation of what I had hopes was the reality.

I lifted my right hand and, like an obsequious orchestra hanging on the conductor's baton, the massed ranks raised a hundred right hands, tense in a grip of invisible bows over invisible instruments—the recoil, it seemed to me, before an impulse of thunderous false music. There were too many performers; I was outnumbered. Yet, I thought, as we all lowered our arms again and desperately pinched our elbows until they (or, as I hoped, mine only) tingled,—with *me* was the leadership, with *me* was the bone. Certainly these glassy, thin women lied if they claimed the bone; certainly when I am dead my bones will lie immortal in the earth—whereas of them nothing will be found—nothing—not even a scratch on the glass behind which they now grimace. Show their teeth as they may—they lie in their teeth; their teeth—claiming to be bone—lie. Teeth, I sometimes think, are like those small trivial atolls of islands that show above the surface of oceans—islands that, we are told, are but the topmost crags of immense submarine mountain ranges—whispered clues to the secret substance of the world—all that the simple sun can understand of the dark, fearful solidity of earth. And so, I think, teeth prick prettily through the flesh as mere hints of the submerged, barbarous bones of man. Only when the world is dead and the veins and arteries of the world's waters dried away, will the drowned mountains confess themselves to the stars; only when death calls the bluff of the skin and flesh and soul and blood and brain, when the dry skeleton snarls between naked teeth, will man's single truth be finally declared.

And so, they lied in their teeth—these false myselves; I gnashed my teeth at them; the champing click was my triumph over their soundless mouthings; I smiled at them—they smiled at me—but their smiles proved no real appreciation of the joke. I felt my own smile with my fingers—and lost it at once. No matter; it was certainly I who had inspired this concerted impulse of the fingers; something more than the bone was demonstrably mine, then—something called *inspiration*. Their impulse had depended on my inspiration, expressed by my bones, plus a reflecting machine called a mirror. I was therefore free among all these prisoners; I could disentangle myself from this snare of mirrors—they, never. I was the original, they the substitutes; I was the music, they the gramophone records. . . .

And then, thinking complacently of reality and its substitutes, I remembered music drowning in its advancing flood of substitutes. I suddenly found, to my horror, that music had no right to complain—music was itself a substitute. Music, in calling itself an expression, admits itself substitute—the way but not the life. Bone was no assurance, inspiration no safeguard; pinch as you may the authentic bone of creation under the skin of music, you prove nothing. The difference between music in itself and music's lamentable mechanical voice is a difference of degree only; a gramophone has as good a right to play as Kreisler has; the gramophone must be honored as a substitute for a substitute. Music is a substitute for thought, thought for understanding, understanding for peace;—crossword puzzles are substitutes for books, books for knowledge, knowledge for divinity;—husbands and wives are substitutes for lovers, lovers for unicorns and dreams;—chairs are substitutes for thrones and thrones for godship;—feet, bony feet, are substitutes for wheels and wheels for wings and wings for omnipresence;—dolls are substitutes for live pets, pets for babies, babies for immortality;—only one—this shadow-me, who am afraid to return.

For even as I write this, I can hear the gramophone next door gargling a thin tenor sound, a substitute for the voice that used to come from the throat of Caruso, whose reality is dust.

—STELLA BENSON.

servants are substitutes for slaves and slaves for the power that a thousand hands (like Kwan-yin's) would give us;—bibles are substitutes for consolation, consolation for safety, safety for joy. . . . Where were my bones now? I thought, for in each of these series of substitutes that streamed into my mind, it was the *copy* that contained the crude bone—the thing copied was the unproven thing, the intangible illusion—peace—divinity—eternity—these bodiless originals are the realities which our poor, creaking, bony substitutes labor in vain to embody. Bones then are substitutes for souls . . . the willing flesh apes the weak spirit. My scaffolding of bones crumbled within me; what proof had I now of my own lonely solidity in a world of mirrored myselves? There was nothing for it but to gather my refuted substitute claim of bones together and flee from the place.

And though with my brain I know that I left no shadow behind in that shadowy room, yet, when I remember that crowd of myselves, a silly fear persuades me that they are still there—triumphing, rank on rank, in possession of the field I so weakly disputed—still there, holding their soundless bivouac—a hundred shadows — a thousand shadows — lacking

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER XVII

My First

In the language of promoters and of men who talk to voters
I have had no inconsiderable share;
I am also known to teachers and to celebrated preachers—
Let the young and inexperienced beware!

My Second

Be you self-absorbed and fretful, be you sweet and self-forgetful,
I'm a word you can't conceivably avoid;
And, if conscience gets a-blinking, I'm the centre of your thinking
When it might be advantageously employed.

My Third and Fourth

As a lifter, I'm a proper and insuperable topper;
And I tell you with a pardonable pride,
Uncle Samson wasn't in it—I could lick him in a minute
If he hadn't got the start of me and died.

My Whole

My remarkable extension is a clever man's invention:
You needn't ford the river any more.
When it isn't easy rowing, I facilitate your going,
And convey you safe and sound from shore to shore.

NUMBER XVIII

Epochs of English History

"My first! O Richard Whittington!
My first, and be exalted!"
His answer was a fitting one
(In other words, he halted).

A younger son my next possessed,
A raiment rich, resplendent,
But raiment didn't make him blest,
Or even independent.

My whole, a rotten renegade,
His principles reverses
Till any man or any-maid
Would smother him with curses.

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine, the last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to the *Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of the *Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of the *Saturday Review.*

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The Bowling Green

A Week-End Anthology

"When God sees fit to do away with the law of probabilities I will lose, and not before."

—The late Wilbur C. Whitehead, the famous bridge player

❧ ❧ ❧

What a melancholy pleasure it is to think that I did not buy my copy of *Henry Ryecroft!* Gissing gave me the very first copy he inscribed when I was with him at St. Jean de Luz. From the beginning he gave me all the books he wrote and I have most of them now. But, alas, when abroad in America many of them were "borrowed" and never returned. If getting books in the way these came to me is a joy, how increasingly bitter it is to think of those which were taken or lost and may now be in a dusty unregarded pile belonging to some one unfit to own the least of them! I trust he does not know that they are valuable, even in the market. Perhaps a good man may find these books with Gissing's name and my own in them. Dear Sir, pray return them to me, and I will pay the postage and own in a letter of thanks that, having surrendered them, you are really worthy of them.—But this is a prayer to the empty wind!

—Morley Roberts in the *Library Review* (Scotland)

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The following is a collection of practically new books, in part "Review Copies," read once or only partly read.

—Sale catalogue, Dauber & Pine Bookshop, New York

❧ ❧ ❧

WANTED, Writers, Painters, Poets, preferably uninspired, to seek inspiration in the heavenly quietude of the Old Vicarage Walberswick, Suffolk. Tennis, golf, sea. Terms on request.

—Advt. in London *Times*

❧ ❧ ❧

The world, you must remember, is only just becoming literate. As reading becomes more and more habitual and widespread, an ever-increasing number of people will discover that books will give them all the pleasures of social life and none of its intolerable tedium. At present people in search of pleasure naturally tend to congregate in large herds and to make a noise; in future their natural tendency will be to seek solitude and quiet. The proper study of mankind is books.

—Mr. Wimbush, in Aldous Huxley's *Crome Yellow*

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A month or two ago I read of the death of a life-long friend. He had been a great hunting man in his humble way. When he was put to bed with a shovel (a rough phrase he often used), the master of the Coshford Vale Hunt was there, and the huntsman of another pack attended in pink and blew the "Gone Away." A queer barbaric ritual. He had been a blunt hard-living man, and as his son said to me, I think he would have liked that farewell.

—F. J. Harvey Darton, *From Surtees to Sassoon*

❧ ❧ ❧

All criticism is dominated by the outworn theory that the man is the cause of the work as in the eyes of the law the criminal is the *cause* of the crime. Far rather are they both the effects.

—Paul Valéry, *Introduction to the Method of Leonardo Da Vinci*

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REQUIEM

Swing tripe, swing tosh! You need no longer worry
About your sales; now Nemesis is drumming;
No need to sing of Switzerland or Surrey,
Or ask when immortality is coming.
Scrawl slowlier, fountain-pen; put by your bosh.
Prepare to be forgot. Swing tripe, swing tosh!

Swing tosh, swing tripe! The game indeed is up.
You must imbibe your bowl of Lethe Cup.
The absurd advertisement, the gushed *réclame*
Henceforth can do you neither good nor harm.
Only in cold irrevocable type
Your requiem remains. Swing tosh, swing tripe!

—From *Poems*, by Pinchbeck Lyre; published by Duckworth, London, 1931

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The modern world is tired. It has lost the tragic catharsis in the welter of neurosis. Since its blood-vitality is gone or going, it needs the psychoanalytic instrument where a stronger generation found its unconscious release in powerful expansions and in tragedy. Australia (in its temperate belt), still borne in a simple crest of energy and never afflicted by war-hysteria, touched during the last thirty years something very Hellenic, crudely diffusively but unmistakeably Hellenic. This anachronistic blitheness and emotional expansiveness lacks the power of consciousness which would enable it to grapple with modernity. Australia is succumbing inertly to the machine of industrialism; but the æsthetic and ethic which we sought to express in the Fanfrolico Press was a momentary crossing of this transplanted and sudden Hellenism with the modern stress.

—Jack Lindsay, A Retrospect of the Fanfrolico Press

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No human being who writes, but reserves for himself the tiniest niche of immortality in a corner of the starred literary heaven. Somewhere, deep but creditably certain, remains a profound belief that in all the vast and unwearied estuary of the sea of time, in a tiny pattern made by his own, creative footprint—the poet, novelist, essayist and playwright, will continue to subsist by reason of the miraculous good fortune that preserves and retains a guardianship over whatever is truest and greatest in his natural output as an artist. Were it not for this perfectly characteristic obsession, the race would long since have perished from the face of the earth.

—Sale catalogue, Dauber & Pine Bookshops, New York

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There are hours, there are moments of our common life, when art fails to justify itself in practice; when the inner urgency of the artist fails him; when the more immediate necessities of our existence choke back his own thought, when the general distress and crisis shake him too, in such a way that what we call art, the happy and impassioned preoccupation with eternally human values, comes to seem idle, ephemeral, a superfluous thing, a mental impossibility. So it was when the War broke out. So it was in the post-war years. So it is again today, after years in which the well-intentioned have tried to believe in recovery and a slow return to comfort and security.

—Thomas Mann, *An Appeal to Reason* (a speech delivered in Berlin in October, 1930, translated in *The Criterion*, April, 1931)

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No one could say a neater thing than Willie Hornung and his writings never adequately represented the powers of the men. These things depend upon the time and the fashion, and go flat in the telling, but I remember how, when I showed him the record of someone who claimed to have done a hundred yards under ten seconds, he said: "It is a sprinter's error." Golf he could not abide, for he said it was "unsportsmanlike to hit a sitting ball." His criticism upon my Sherlock Holmes was: "Though he might be more humble, there is no police like Holmes."

—A. Conan Doyle, *Memories and Adventures* (1924)

❧ ❧ ❧

Lest I should seem to have been throwing bouquets to Sherlock Holmes let me state that on the occasion of a burglary of the village inn, within a stone-throw of my house, the village constable, with no theories at all, had seized the culprit while I had got no further than that he was a left-handed man with nails in his boots.

—A. Conan Doyle, *Memories and Adventures*

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Tom Folio is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins until Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard. There is not a subscription goes forward in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is a universal scholar, so far as the title page of all authors. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. He thinks he gives you an account of an author, when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or, if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning, and substantial criticism.

—Addison, *The Tatler No.* 158 (April 13, 1710)

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The writers who have most profoundly interested me are not in the least oracles to me. It is just possible that I may not embrace one of their opinions—that I may wish my life to be shaped quite differently from theirs. For instance, it would signify nothing to me if a very wise person were to stun me with proofs that Rousseau's views of life, religion and government are miserably erroneous. . . . I might admit all this, and it would be not the less true that Rousseau's genius has sent that electric thrill through my intellectual and moral frame which has awakened me to new perceptions; and this not by teaching me any new belief. It is simply that the rushing mighty wind of his inspiration has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt as dim *Ahnungen* in my soul.

—George Eliot.

In his *Recollections*, John Morley said of these words of George Eliot's, "They are a silver key for critics."

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On a visit to Princeton last spring we were much pleased by the great West window in the dining hall of the Graduate College; and our old friend Joe Brown, of the Princeton English Department, has good-naturedly copied out for us the official description of the various symbolisms. We were particularly pleased by "Arithmetic, with patient face." We quote:

The upper window displays the Seven Liberal Arts, framed in canopies under a deep and brilliant sky. . . . Logic fitly occupies the central panel, her foot resting on the Book of Life, her green robe scintillating with light and her eyes straight ahead. At her right, Rhetoric, the grammarian's aid to the expression of thought; at her left, Grammar with her clasped book; next, Geometry with triangle and compass, the perfectness of God's creation symbolized by the hexagon cells of the honeycomb at her feet. Then Arithmetic with patient face, teaching the man-child at her feet the science of numbers. Astronomy on the right, holding a star, and beside her Music with her lyre, both gazing upward to the firmament, where the traceried openings are filled with constellations.

This fine window was designed and made by Mr. and Mrs. William Willet of Philadelphia. One who holds a happy memory of a visit to the Graduate College and sincerely admired its beauties may perhaps without ill manners wish they would get rid of that bogus suit of armor in the entry of the Common Room. It is totally out of place in a college atmosphere and is only worthy of an antique shop frequented by impromptu millionaires. I couldn't help wondering what M. André Maurois must have thought of it.

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I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the Representative of our Country; he is a bird of bad moral Character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perch'd on some dead Tree, near the River where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the Labour of the Fishing-Hawk; and, when that diligent Bird has at length taken a Fish the Bald Eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this Injustice he is never in good Case; but, like those among Men who live by Sharping and Robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy.

—Benjamin Franklin, to his daughter Mrs. Bache, 1784

❧ ❧ ❧

R. W. P., representative in London of a New York publisher, diverges sharply from Captain Riesenberg's recommendation (Bowling Green, June 6) of a certain brand of gin. Admirable man, he writes *con brio:*

Captain Riesenberg's melon recipe reminds me of the duty of every civilized Englishman to inhabitants of a prohibitionist country:—To warn them of any changes or new information about the quality of alcohols here on sale in order that they may not waste either the short free time they have here or the fantastic sums of money they have to spend over there.

I am thinking about your implicit recommendation of ——'s gin. Don't. Don't ever touch ——'s products, or (in general) those of any large advertiser. I speak from experience; and if you doubt my credentials you may inquire of K., who, by the way, has a very good taste himself. If you want gin, and are outside the 12-mile limit, or have a reputable bootlegger, I recommend after much thought Nicholson's. Booth's and even Gordon's are not bad.

Then, why always London Gin? Gin is not just gin, except to soggy old charwomen. Have you drunk Plymouth Gin? (Try Coates'). It is halfway between the delectably vicious taste of London Gin—which is cheap and sweetish, and like a prostitute's perfume—and the curious flat ratafia flavor of Hollands. And for Holland's Gin, again, one should prefer *Bols* to de Kuyper, for its taste as well as its upstanding name which is printed in huge black objurgatory letters on every bottle. (You cannot interrupt a bore at a party, as I have, by handing him an unexpected bottle and saying in a loud voice "de Kuypers to you." You need the other brand.)

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Once every few years we check up with the much-admired G. & C. Merriam Company in Springfield, Mass., publishers of Webster's, to see if there is any chance of getting our old favorite *kinsprit* into the dictionary. They wrote us in 1926 "We still have this word under observation but so far have not succeeded in collecting much usage for it other than your own and that of others who are obviously using the word with direct reference to your use of it. If you can send us any examples of the use of the word in print by others than yourself we shall regard it as a real favor."

Wishing to play fair, we have laid off the use of the word in print for several years, to see whether it has any vitality of its own. If anyone notices it circulating on its own hook, without blemishing birthmarks, he might pass on a clipping to Messrs. Merriam.

Speaking of lexicography, why does the complete Webster omit a word very familiar in the theatrical profession, *leotard?*

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As our clients are aware, there are two books whose fortunes, beyond almost any other modern writings, we have incessantly invigilated. To be honorable therefore we must admit that we are now thrown for a bad loss. *Disenchantment*, by C. E. Montague, and *Trivia*, by L. Pearsall Smith, are both —until a new generation of desiderators arises— O. P., out of print. Is there no bookseller who feels a sultry qualm, a prickling of the reins? Because a loud outcry from two or three powerful booksellers, backed by an eagerness to order copies, can get action out of almost any publisher.

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We have been amused by a sign which has been in the window of a Madison Avenue drug store (between 37th and 38th Streets) for many weeks. It accompanies a copy of a book "by the Author of *Aphrodite*" and says "99 cents, One to a Customer."

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Since there have been frequent inquiries about Bataille's *Causes Criminelles et Mondaines*, devotees of crime stories might like to know that two of Bataille's most egregious stories (Fenayrou, and Peltzer) are retold by Greenhough Smith in the excellent omnibus volume called *Great Stories of Real Life*, published by Cape and Smith.

Christopher Morley.

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Books of Special Interest

Inca Civilization

ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS OF THE ANDES. By PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $7.50.

Reviewed by WALTER CLINE
Harvard University

THE material here presented by Mr. Means falls mainly into two categories. One concerns the Inca civilization, for which we have a mass of literary sources. The other deals with the less known and earlier cultures of Peru and the adjacent regions, to which archæology, rather than recorded history or tradition, must be our guide. *Since the author is primarily a historian,* and a student of early Spanish documents on Peru, he tends to give undue weight to this kind of evidence. The same faculties, however, have enabled him to write the best modern description and history of the Incas.

He begins with a sketch of the geographic and climatic zones in the area, and of the effects of environment on the growth of civilization. In proceeding to discuss the earliest cultures, he first touches on the antiquity of man in America. Though he agrees with most anthropologists in deriving the American races from migrations through northeastern Asia within the last twenty-five thousand years, he confuses the question of the American origin of man with that of the presence of man in America during the Glacial Age. No sound student believes that man originated in America; but the evidence suggesting his arrival during or before the Pleistocene period cannot be so lightly rejected.

Mr. Means then goes on to review the sequence of cultures in the New World. "Properly regarded," he says, "cultural evolution is like a flight of steps, the lowest landing of which is the primitive, the second landing of which is the archaic, the third is barbaric civilization, and so on, the steps between the several landings being the above-mentioned variations in point of excellence that characterize all the phases." By "primitive" he designates a stage of culture which lacks pottery, weaving, and agriculture, the main criteria for the "archaic" stage. In the latter, he says, also began "such auxiliary arts as wood-carving, stone-working, bone graving, animal-taming (as a first step in domestication), and social organization." There is no reason at all why people should forego the advantages of social organization or of other "auxiliary arts" until they have acquired pottery, weaving, and agriculture. But if these last three traits define the archaic stage, why should Mr. Means attribute this culture to the lowly inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, who possessed them not? We never know, moreover, whether he is referring to the archaic culture of Mexico and Central America, which has certain distinctive characteristics, or this hypothetical archaic phase of his own, "which underlies any higher brands of civilization that a given region may have possessed." Specific resemblances to the Mexican Archaic did occur in some parts of ancient South America, but Mr. Means does not describe them. One suspects that this evolutionary scheme is an attempt to simplify culture history for the layman. It seems to mean very little to the author, and it certainly means nothing to the anthropologist.

Mr. Means gives, for the purpose of comparative chronology, a short outline of the Maya developments in Central America. He concludes that the archaic culture reached South America before the Mayas had acquired writing and their elaborate calendar, at some time between 1000 B. C. and the beginning of the Christian era; compares the Old Empire of the Mayas with the great Tiahuanaco II phase of Andean history, and the Maya renaissance of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries with a similar phase in Peru; and appeals to Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, a leading champion of "environmental" theories, to explain the fact that Peru lagged several centuries behind the Maya area in this "historical rhythm." He closes this chapter with a table of "cultural periods in the Andean area as shown by modern research into folk-memory and by archæology."

In his discussion of Peruvian history before 600 A. D., he draws at once on "folk-memory," and repeats several stories told by the Indians to Catholic fathers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These and other abstracts of folk-lore he endeavors to correlate with the archæological evidence—not with amazing success. Incidentally, however, he presents a good description of the arts of Early Chimu on the north coast, and Early Nazca on the south, where pottery and weaving, in the first few centuries of our era, reached an artistic point never excelled by the American Indian.

The next two chapters have special importance for the archæological reader, because they bring out the author's opinions as to the relationship of the various pre-Inca cultures, and his attitude toward the work of the leading men in this field. He believes that the famous ruins at Tiahuanaco, on the southern shore of Lake Titicaca, represent two phases. The earlier, relatively crude, may be related by its type of masonry with several sites in the Peruvan highlands. The later, Tiahuanaco II, developed under inspiration from the southern coast, and spread northward and westward as a great empire, till its influences in art and technology reacted on the cultures of the Peruvian and Ecuadorian littoral, as well as far and wide in the uplands. The Tiahuanaco II period lasted for about three hundred years, perhaps from 600 to 900 A. D. Then followed a general breakdown of this civilization; the arts on the coast returned to many of their earlier traits; and between the eleventh and the sixteenth centuries the Incas appeared and conquered all.

For this reconstruction the author draws his support not only from folklore, but also from certain resemblances, real or imaginary, between the art styles at Tiahuanaco and those from other sites, as far away as Ecuador. Influence from the uplands surely came into the arts on the Peruvian coast, after their first naturalistic period; but few would admit coastal styles as a strong formative factor at Tiahuanaco. Mr. Means denies the distinctive qualities of the succession of styles which have been recognized in Ecuador. In treating "the period of decline" on the Peruvian coast, he claims that Drs. Kroeber and Strong have "injected a meaningless tangle of subdivisions into the discussion which will require years to unravel," and have made "an elaborate attempt at classification which only obscures the main trend of cultural history." His own application of the "general laws that govern the evolution of art the world over" is certainly no more enlightening. He seems to object on principle to stylistic sequences and interrelations which cannot be comprehended at a glance. Though Kroeber and Strong's scheme may be very difficult to keep in mind, it is hard to find in it any weaknesses, except the unavoidable ones which the authors themselves confess. They have done the best possible job with the poor material at hand. For the "tangle of subdivisions" we must blame, not these investigators, but the ancient potters and artists themselves, who produced such a bewildering variety of wares, and strewed them about in a manner showing so little consideration for the aims of archæology.

The sixth and seventh chapters reveal the traditional history of the Incas. From now on the author seems thoroughly at home. He compares the various legends of the origin of the Inca dynasty, judging the probabilities of each and the conditions under which it was transmitted. Bringing in, as well as folklore, the linguistic and archæological evidence of Dr. Max Uhle, with regard to the early abode of the Incas near Cuzco, in the southern highlands, he traces their development from "a small tribe of llama-tending, potato-growing mountaineers" to the sustainers of a great empire.

He then gives an account of the Inca civilization, in its economic, political, social, and religious aspects, filling nearly one third of the book. This is really excellent, and, with the two previous chapters, will provide a standard text on the Incas for many years to come. The Inca state, within four centuries, not only enlarged its territory from tribal to imperial extent, but evolved from a simple unit, headed by a temporary war-chief, to a complex political and social body, led by the Incas themselves, who now claimed a divine origin. Though composed of the most diverse linguistic and cultural groups, and spreading through all extremes of environment, this empire was knit together by a superb system of highways; by the Inca policy of enforced assimilation, through shifting large masses of subjects from one region to another; and by a political organization of the most intensive kind, which combined communism and paternalism under an absolute monarchy. The chroniclers of the early Spanish period may have idealized certain details of the scheme, last, and disintegration had already set in at the time of the Spanish Conquest.

To the ceremonies, the astronomy and calendar, and the religious institutions of this composite nation the author devotes most of the ninth and tenth chapters. He tries to show that Sun-worship, the official religion, stood "midway between the ancient idol- and fetish-cults of the people on the one hand and the likewise ancient cult for the Creator-god of the enlightened on the other hand."

The eleventh chapter, on textiles and costume in ancient Peru, includes, as well as a general discussion, descriptions and fine photographs of a number of textile specimens. For students it has been somewhat superseded in interest by Dr. A. L. Kroeber's study of the Nazca textiles, which appeared shortly before the present volume went to press. *Mr. Means does not mention* this. The final chapter contains a few remarks on Andean architecture, and on the essential differences between the native cultures of the Old and New Worlds, and closes with an appeal for interest in Peruvian archæology.

The volume is very well dressed and the photographs, especially those of the textiles, merit great admiration. We regret to find, at the end, such a miserable little map.

Though, in its treatment of the earliest Andean civilizations, this book seems top-heavy with second- and third-hand accounts derived from the Spanish, and displays many scientific frailties, it has won a place as the best general work on ancient Peru. However unreliable the literary sources may be, as opposed to the archæological, they are at present far more suggestive than the latter in some phases of the subject, and constitute a body of evidence which must always be heard. Readers who intend to go no deeper into Peruvian antiquities will not quibble about the relations of pottery styles and so on; and students will pass lightly over the author's vagaries in archæology, to recognize his high achievements as a historian.

Child Protection

THE HOME AND THE CHILD; Committee on the Family and Parent Education; Section III, Education and Training. White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. New York: The Century Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by RUTH WASHBURN

THE present existence of a new social era, as far as many homes are concerned, is vividly brought out in this ably conceived book. More and more, it points out, the members of a household are finding both occupation and recreation outside the home. It is, however, the opinion of the Sub-committee of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, by whom the book was prepared, that "the home is bound to survive if it retains what is worth preserving in the past and adjust itself to the present and future social demand. Thus considered, it continues as a background of security and a restful retreat, where the child may expect to find a healthy development." The book attempts to define standards, the realization of which will aid the home to attain such ideals.

As means to the end of this pleasant home life, housing, furnishings, and equipment, management of home activities, management of income, and children's clothing, are all considered in turn by well qualified authorities. Homemakers who turn to this book for practical assistance in the solution of present difficulties may be disappointed to find that it consists of a survey of present-day practices (contrasted with those of forty years ago in many instances), together with recommendations with respect to ideal conditions towards which to strive. The standards set forth, though recognized as far beyond the reach of the mass of the people at present, represent "desirable and reasonable objectives which every one interested in child welfare may consider as goals toward which to work." Not only health, convenience, and reduction of manual labor are stressed, but also the more subtle social and esthetic needs.

On August 20th the second issue of the remodelled periodical, *The Thinker*, is to appear. The journal, which is issued in larger format than the predecessor of its name to which it succeeded, is now under the editorship of Dagobert D. Runes, and is to be edited as a magazine of contemporary thought. Among contributors to the September number are Will Durant, Harry A. Overstreet, Horace M. Kallen, and Harry Elmer Barnes. Mr. Runes's idea is that philosophy, if it is to be of any value to the generality of men, must deal not with abstractions but with the problems of everyday life.

BOOKS THAT ARE NEWS

---and more

That the Bank of England has had to come to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and especially to the Bank of France for a joint credit of $250,000,000, was probably not the most pleasant news for proud Englishmen.
THE NATION, JULY 22

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED'S
ENGLAND'S CRISIS
England's decline as a world power is the subject of Siegfried's brilliant book, widely discussed in Europe and America, and commented on by the *N. Y. Times* as "the most discerning estimate of Great Britain today by any foreign observer." $3.00

This is the gravest financial emergency which the modern world has ever faced, and it is surpassed in its menace to all nations only by the outbreak of the World War in 1914.
THE NATION, JULY 22

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES'
A TREATISE ON MONEY
One of the most important books of the decade. "It is not too much to say that the fundamental principles of world finance as expounded in this book would be enough to prevent another world depression like the present."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*
2 vols., $8.00

In its monthly survey of business, the American Federation of Labor urges preparation for an unemploment situation this winter more serious than last, with possibly 7,000,000 persons out of work.
N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE, AUGUST 6

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The Wickersham Commission has issued a report on the prisons of the United States. It declares that prisons as a whole are a complete failure in their avowed purpose of making men better.
NEW REPUBLIC, AUGUST 5

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Some Recent Fiction

Hexerei

THE HEX WOMAN. By RAUBE WALTERS. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

A PRELIMINARY note on the technical terms in this novel is perhaps advisable. The word "hexen" denotes a professional practitioner of witchcraft, either male or female; "hexerei" is the doctrine itself. As used in the title, "hex" is evidently a recent or foreign shortening of "hexen."

The tradition of hexerei is still alive in the regions of the Pennsylvania Dutch, as a criminal procedure revealed not so long ago. But Mr. Walters sets his story in the middle decades of the nineteenth century, thus getting at the superstition in its purer and more virulent period. The whole hocus-pocus is admirably elucidated in the course of the novel: the pathetic gullibility of the peasantry, the half-belief of the hexen in his own powers, the precarious livelihood to be gained from love charms, fortune telling, and the repetition of formulas. As Mr. Walters explains the theory of hexerei, we see it as a remarkably interesting phenomenon.

Hexerei, however, is far from the whole novel. In addition, it is the gloomy tale of the Marson girls, three old maids who struggled vigorously against a continuously adverse fate. They were just plain queer, these girls—born to be old maids and to suffer torments of poverty, repression, and isolation. It was only natural that Elizabeth, the oldest, should take up the office of village hexen, when Blind Pete offered it to her on his deathbed. Later, Mary learned to deal with the simpler cases that came to them for advice and help, but Anne, the youngest, never gave in. Good fortune and the Marson girls were never intimates for long, however, and misery soon came to stay. Death ended the struggle that had been not so much gallant as dogged and despairing.

Mr. Walters writes persuasively, though never with a glossy surface. We feel that above all he is honest, that he is genuinely sympathetic with the three outcasts. Throughout the novel he keeps an admirable balance between local color and universal human values. As a result we are moved and informed simultaneously, neither function of the narrative interfering with the other. Such a well executed novel is as rare as it is gratifying. To be sure, it is grim, and brutal with unrelieved sordidness, but somehow it manages to pull away from the dangerous bog of morbidity; it remains a notably meritorious piece of work. There should be many more such straightforward novels illuminating odd corners of our social life, but all too often local color degenerates into a sort of patronizing prettification.

In Tabloidia

HOT NEWS. By EMILE GAUVREAU. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

MR. GAUVREAU made for himself a definite place in the tabloid journalism (to stretch that word almost out of shape) of the past decade. The astounding growth of the *Daily News*, first in the field, to a sale of a million copies a day, drove one publisher of a standard size morning paper which had been hurt by the newcomer, to issue a rival tabloid in retaliation; the happy result was that his standard size paper only suffered the more. Still another publisher, famous for lurid magazines, thought he saw an opportunity for an evening tabloid, and forthwith produced in New York a sheet, the nature of which probably made the *News* think poignantly of changing its size rather than be regarded as related to it as a member of the tabloid family. Many a reader who shudders at the sight of any newspaper of small page size, is ignorant of the very real and important differences there are between the enterprising *News* and New York's other smaller size journals. Class distinctions exist in Tabloidia. Mr. Gauvreau, with ingenuity and energy, directed the one which plumbed new depths in newspaper making and has now moved his talents over to the *Mirror*.

The story of his editorship is "Hot News." Somewhere in the publisher's handouts Mr. Gauvreau is quoted as saying that the book reflects "an era of mad journalism which we will never see again. I believe in tabloid journalism. . . . I was swept away in the hectic struggle for circulation. My book is written to point out the futility of such a scramble, and the tragedies." Elsewhere it is also announced that this "devastating" novel will shake all America with its revelations. The name of Mr. Gauvreau's paper, his associates, and the wretched personalities exploited in news stories are so little disguised that even a tabloid reader can identify them.

The most sensitive seismograph will be unable to feel America shake. The book is disappointing. It is wordy and unreal. Perhaps the author, living in an atmosphere of so-called "confessions," felt obliged to cast his story in the same form. But the real reason why this "Hot News" is so lukewarm is that there is little to tell of this style of journalism which is not plain for any reader to see and know. It is hardly a revelation to let the public in on the secret that the tabloid thought that "people are really interested only in two things, sex and money—and in that order." The circulation manager added murder to these two noble interests. Later in the book women and murder take first and second place. Nor is it news to disclose that the publicity loving man, "Sugar Plum," whose amatory escapades and marriage to a young tabloidess attracts attention, were exploited and led on by Mr. Gauvreau's paper. It is not entirely a new thing for a newspaper to exploit celebrities, to whip up a false interest in them. The tabloid's contribution was to exploit less than nonentities, and to take its readers into the bedrooms of the pathetic people who were the day's sensations. Equally plain were the dodges to gain circulation by cheap fakes and stunts. Nothing could be more transparent than tabloid journalism—and so the revelations of "Hot News" are not there. Even the parts which deal with political control of vice and speakeasies are tame stuff—enough to make a young reporter yawn and put an older one to sleep.

One lesson in newspaper making the novel may contain. Circulation was easy to get—circulation of the kind which such journalism attracted. But advertising was not. Catchpenny and misleading advertising which victimized the readers was obtained, but reputable companies did not wish to place their announcements in columns near the cooked-up hot news. So there is hope that the pestilence will subside. And if tabloid journalism proves conclusively that good advertising will not pay alongside of cheap trash and untruths, there may have been this slight justification for its existence.

Recent Events in Disguise

MONEY MAN. By HERMAN MICHELSON. New York: Vanguard Press. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES R. DANIELS

HERE is another example of soda fountain literature: a squirt of this, a blob of that, and a scoop of something else, twirled in the electric shaker and gulped quickly. To be forgotten as soon as consumed. It follows the current pattern of exploiting news events, lightly disguised, while the headlines are still large and black.

"Money Man" is the head of the Bank of the Confederation, an institution which ballooned from the obscurity of a private bank on New York's East Side to a many-limbed financial octopus with millions in deposits. The Confederation won its depositors by appeals to racial prejudice, by reckless loans, and by a slap-dash, hail-fellow heartiness which they found cheering after the cathedrallike calm and austere impersonality of other banks. Its officers practised every form of financial chicanery. The process by which millions are created from thin air and placed on the bank's books is explained so that the average reader may follow an easy path through the jungle of subsidiary corporations and double dealings.

For any one who has read the newspapers in recent months, the labels on the supposedly fictitious characters are entirely transparent. Whatever merit the book possesses is imparted solely by its timeliness. While the sour smell of a huge bank failure lingers in New York, a number of readers may care to pass an afternoon with this retelling of the rise and fall of the "bank built on quicksand." The daily news stories were, on the whole, more vital and interesting.

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Foreign Literature

From Magic to Reality

LE CHEMINEMENT DE LA PENSÉE. By E. MEYERSON. Paris: Alcan. 1931.

Reviewed by ABEL CHEVALLEY.

MR. MEYERSON'S new book is like all others: it should be read and digested before one attempts to criticize it. I have just read a review of his former book, "Identity and Reality," in one of the leading American reviews. "Science," says the reviewer, "shows a constant conflict between the tendency of reason to insist upon identity in things, and the counter-tendency of the senses to accept the reality of change. . . . A good part of nature remains unamenable to scientific law—in a word, has remained irrational."

In the light of that "irrationality" the reviewer discovers some "vulnerable spots" *in Mr. Meyerson's doctrine.*

There is an irresistible drollery in such remarks, at least for those who remember that Mr. Meyerson himself has not only discovered, but incessantly exposed that very same "irrationality" now opposed to him, and has made of it the foundation of his doctrine. Nobody before Meyerson had used the term of "irrational" as a substantive in the sense now adopted by everybody. When writing "Identity and Reality" twenty-three years ago, Mr. Meyerson knew and said that in using the word "irrational" and broadening the notion of "irrationality" he was innovating. He even said that he was not without "misgivings" as to the advisability of creating a new term. The fact that he can now be rebuked by an able American reviewer not only in the name, but with the name, of what he has discovered, does not only betray a certain heedlessness in criticism. It also shows the extent to which his ideas, somewhat paradoxical twenty-three years ago, have spread and been accepted. In fact, they have become common property. They are an unconscious part of modern thinking.

Those who entertained lingering doubts about the psychological breadth of Meyerson's doctrine will find conviction in his three fine new volumes (the last, of notes) published under the title "Le Cheminement de la Pensée." Till now, Mr. Meyerson seemed to confine himself to the study of epistemology, that is of scientific thought. Now his conclusions are concerned with thought in general, from common sense, even primitive thought, down to the deduction of contemporary mathematicians. "From Magic to Reality" might well be the subtitle of his summa of logic and psychology.

"The Development of Thought." . . . Does Mr. Meyerson study it as a logician or a psychologist? a historian or a philosopher? This is really an unanswerable question. The method of Meyerson, now fully revealed, has a touch of all methods and yet remains absolutely original. He is not so much interested in the results attained by scientific, and, in a general way, by intellectual research, as in "the trains of thought which have been followed up in arriving at the results." This enables him to put on common ground primitive and modern man, the prelogical and the logical, in the same manner as he recently discovered in Einstein a sort of new Descartes ("Deduction Relativiste"). The theory of knowledge, which Mr. Meyerson is thus building up, being independent of the objects of knowledge, can, in certain of its aspects, be said to be "phenomenological" (in Husserl's sense of the word). But all labels are misleading. Until Meyerson, the philosophers and scholars who studied the development of thought, whether it were Leibnitz or Kant, studied it in connection with contemporary science, its postulates, its results. In consequence, they found themselves quickly left behind by new discoveries. On the contrary, it is by studying the old *phlogiston* that Meyerson discovered how the contemporary scientist goes to work when starting on the path of invention. It is by referring to the experience of the man in the street, to his intellectual conception of the world, that he makes us understand the regularity with which there reappear at steady intervals in modern science, ancient atomic and monistic theories, Platonic or Baconian ideas.

The essence of Meyerson's solution is contained in a single phrase. In order to solve the enigma of the development of thought, even the contradiction which it seems to contain within itself, it is sufficient to remember always that "*it ends with identity, but starts with diversity.*" The thoughts of Voltaire or those of a water-carrier follow the same path. The living world and the world of logic are both implicated in, and exclusive of, each other. This paradox, which is at the bottom of all epistemology, is also at the core of all thought, even of mathematical thought. To be able to identify something, one must first imagine the thing in concrete and different forms.

Mr. Meyerson is pleased to declare himself, not without a touch of mischief, a disciple of Antisthenes the Cynic. We know the scorn with which Plato exposed his doctrine. Antisthenes held that all affirmation which is not tautology implies contradiction. When I say that the swan is white, this presupposes that "white" is something different from "swan," or else my words mean nothing. Unfortunately, it comes back to saying that "swan" is different from "swan." The paradox of Antisthenes will never prevent anyone from reasoning, but it compels us to agree that thought affirms simultaneously identity and distinctness.

After this one understands how Mr. Meyerson can oppose identity to reality, experience to logic, without denying the legitimacy of knowledge. Far from so doing, he refutes both the Pragmatists and the Bergsonians who believe that knowledge is born of a concern for utility. He, on the contrary, affirms in fact that knowledge and even commonsense have, before everything else, a disinterested object, that of explanation: explanation of the diverse by the identical, of the concrete by the abstract. The amazing part of it is, without doubt, that our abstractions can afterwards be applied to reality, and that there can be experimental sciences whose progress follows that of mathematics. Must we conclude that thought contains the essence of reality, and so come back to idealism? No, replies Mr. Meyerson, and for two reasons. The first is that idealism leads to the negation of the external object which is indispensable to knowledge. The second, that knowledge, like common sense, is inextricably bound up with irrational things, as, for instance, sensation, or the idea of irreversibility of time. The essence of thought is therefore not identity but the process of identification, that is, a development, a *progress* which moves ceaselessly from emotion to logic, from difference to oneness, from concrete to abstract.

It is impossible to give a summary of the enormous work of Mr. Meyerson. In the first book he states the problem, gives an indication of his solution, touching on the most recent theories of knowledge and recent investigations of primitive mentality. In the second, he studies the "proposition," i. e., logic in its classical form. The third volume is devoted to the study of mathematical reasoning, and here he confronts the theories of the intuitivists and those of the logicians. Then, in a last book, devoted to reasoning other than mathematical, a close study of the classification of the sciences and of the general principles of experience enables the author to generalize on his conception of the "zigzag march, the winding road" of rationalization. A fairly short conclusion insists particularly on the opposition of the thesis of Mr. Meyerson to that of panmathematism.

In some ways, the thought of Meyerson may appear both paradoxical and trenchant, dismissing the Platonist, the Pragmatist, the pure idealist, and the pure man of action. They all pass by, in opposite ways, beside truth, eternally double-faced, but always true to herself, even in her duplicity. Physicists who would fain reconcile abstract and concrete, mind and matter, in a general theory, will lose all hope if they once agree to penetrate into the inflexible Meyersonian labyrinth. There is both conflict and harmony in Meyerson's reality. The progress and the equilibrium of his thought, yea, of all thought, is at that price. But his system is nevertheless a system; nothing less could satisfy him, or us. But there is no stiffness in its thickness, nothing dry or dogmatic. The abundance of quotations, the quiet, unostentatious, charming, and yet most effective *bonhomie* of the digressions, often recall Montaigne. Mr. Meyerson's starting point may be as specialized as he likes it to appear, as limited as you may like it to be presented. His lifelong investigation into the ways and by-ways of human reason has at last broadened out into a delightful and universal wisdom.

Two German Women Poets

DIE GELIEBTEN DINGE. Bilder und Verse. By RUTH SCHAUMANN. Munich: Kösel und Pustet. 1931.

DANK DES LEBENS. By ERIKA MITTERER. Frankfurt am Main: Rutten und Loening. 1931.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

AMONG the younger German poets of today both Ruth Schaumann and Erika Mitterer have an assured position. The first secured general recognition some years ago, and any representative anthology of contemporary German lyric poetry must contain examples of her work. The second, a younger woman—she is twenty-three—has called forth the praise of well-known German critics, such as Ernst Lissauer; in fact, since his critical essay on her work, which appeared about a year ago in the Berlin monthly review, *Die Literatur,* she may be considered as having "arrived."

Ruth Schaumann has a most interesting personality. She was born in Hamburg in 1899 and spent her early girlhood in that city. She then went to study art in Munich and gained a considerable local reputation for her sculpture, which she eventually took up professionally. This is worth noting, for that critic who, six years ago, discussed her poetry as "plastische Lyrik," showed, with ample justification, the relation which exists between the two forms of art to which she has devoted herself. Ruth Schaumann's first volume of poems was published in 1920; it was entitled "Die Kathedrale"—and here it may be remarked that this poet is a Catholic, whose faith and philosophical background inform her poetry almost uniformly. Four years later appeared a lyrical play called "Die Glasbergkinder," and another collection of lyrics entitled "Der Knospengrund." In 1926 "Das Passional," another volume of lyrics, appeared and won general recognition. In the meantime, also, Ruth Schaumann was publishing short stories and essays on artistic subjects; she was also producing work in other artistic mediums, and some of her excellent colored woodcuts illustrate the latest collection of her poetry which is here under review. She had also illustrated "Das Passional" with drawings which called forth as much praise as the poetry which they accompanied.

Those who have surveyed the whole of Ruth Schaumann's work observe that it shows a marked evolution from the passionate richness of "Der Knospengrund" to the disciplined, austere writing of "Das Passional." "Die geliebten Dinge" is a simple revelation of the mysticism of common things—the human body, in fact, considered as an instrument of the spiritual life. The human associations are expressed in simple, affecting poetry; the whole collection is one of unalloyed delight for those who have not travelled too far from the fundamental realities.

Erika Mitterer, too, without being in any way a "realist," has a firm hold on the simple, essential realities, love, health, sickness, the breath of the early morning, the ecstasy of spring. Some of the best poems are love-poems, of a maidenly passionate kind; they are addressed to the poet's lover, and their sincerity and genuineness of expression are beyond all question. Among the collection is a remarkable translation of Victor Hugo's "Booz," whose idyllic beauty accords well with the temperament of the poet, though sometimes she rises to a note of passionate rhetoric.

Students of German poetry of today will look with interest for Erika Mitterer's next collection of lyrics; in her first there is promise, and not a little fulfilment as well.

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The good people of the rock-ribbed Provençal village of Fantosque, high up among the sloping sun-warmed vineyards, will tell you, if you are curious, of three miraculous happenings that befell within a week of each other some seventy-odd years ago. One was the disappearance, in broad daylight, of the beautiful English woman, Lady Amabel Perrish; another was the mysterious way in which Father Boniface regained his lost faith, though remaining ever after a little queer in the head; and the third was the miracle of the Heaven-sent baby. Few of the Fantosquais who tell you these facts think of connecting them with the ruined medieval chapel on the hill high above the village. Partly, no doubt, because, unlike some people in PAN'S PARISH, they never had the experience of meeting the goat-god face to face among these ruins.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

SHAKESPEARE'S ECONOMICS. By HENRY W. FARNAM. Yale University Press. 1931. $2.50.

A survey of Shakespearean plays by a distinguished economist in which the economic background of the Elizabethan period is cited as an illustration of many lines and Shakespeare's realistic dependence upon the actual life of his day is made clear.

THE AMERICAN DEMOCRAT. By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. With an Introduction by H. L. MENCKEN. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

It has been forgotten until recently how vigorous a critic of his contemporary Americans Cooper the novelist could be. He was violent, but candidly unafraid, oftentimes well informed. This book, now handsomely reprinted, represents the criticism of a steady Republican based upon the vices of democracy.

Fiction

GREEN WINE. By OWEN ARCHER. Morrow. 1931. $2.

This is one of those entirely competent and utterly uninspired novels of which so many appear in England. Our own books are almost always either better conceived or much worse written. It is the story of a gigantic, ugly, shy Englishman—a favorite type—who becomes a woman-hater in boyhood, partly from his father's philandering and partly because little girls dislike him for the ugliness older women are to find (of course) attractive, but the book succeeds in ending with a marriage after all. There is a good deal of sentimentality of the sort that strong, silent heroes are peculiarly apt to fall into, and some very facile theologizing at the end, when the hero rapidly regains the faith in a God which he had lost during the war. Except for this, there is no actual fault to find with the book, but there is absolutely no reason for advising anybody to read it either.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVERS. By MARGARET WIDDEMER. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

This latest book of Margaret Widdemer uses the popular device of binding together a group of unconnected stories by a more or less circumstantial *mise-en-scène*. All love stories this time, as might be guessed from the title or from the later habits of the author. Ten women gather for a civic meeting in the luxurious home of a newcomer in the Westchester fastness called Neldwyck. Most of those present are well known to each other, but there are a few comparatively unsounded characters in the group. A truth game is suggested, but with the restriction that everyone is to tell about love affairs. Then follow the love stories of these women of such different types and ages. Miss Widdemer gives herself no time to introduce her characters or to differentiate among them so that the reader is plunged into each romance without any previous interest. The stories remain short stories, and yet they have an annoying lack of clearness since one is always trying to hang them together. But the book may appeal to incurable seekers after the romantic, for here it is tenfold, presented lightly enough to escape serious criticism.

RICH IRISH. By JAMES M. NEVILLE. Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.

Perhaps Mr. Tunney is the cause and perhaps he is not, but at any rate a large number of prizefighters in fiction have recently been playing about the edges of college life and of society. In Mr. Neville's story, an attractive Irish college athlete falls in love with a wealthy Irish girl and is forced, by a very old and very natural device, into sudden marriage with her with no dollars or cents to keep the wolf out or love in. Prizefighting offers him plenty of money quickly, so he gives up his plans for being a lawyer and goes into the ring. The story becomes complicated with parental interference, with fascinating ladies who have penchants for virile young boxers, and with good, old, heavy drinking. One cannot help suspecting that Mr. Neville set out to write a sensational story, one cannot help knowing that he has succeeded. Many of the scenes that have to do with the training quarters and prize ring are truly graphic. The flights into the dissipations of certain groups at Newport and in New York can no longer be considered news.

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR. By WILLIAM GARRETT. Appleton. 1931. $2.

This tale begins with a bold postulate. Its hero, Jeremy Dilke, is a stock broker at the end of his youth; he lives a thoroughly conventional life, not from choice exactly, but from want of imagination and determination enough to do anything else. At the beginning of the book, he stands speculating upon his reflection in the mirror, when there is a thunderclap, and the reflection steps out beside him. There is, however, no question of a Jekyll-and-Hyde study of the sides of a man's character, so far as one can see, for the man from the mirror acts with entire independence, and the original Jeremy is kept busy disavowing or concealing his actions. What there is is simply fantastic farce, of the same kind as that in "Alf's Button" or "The Brass Jar," where the hero obtains possession of a genie whom he cannot control, but neither the farcical nor the fantastic possibilities are worked out nearly as far as they might be. One is left with the feeling that there ought to have been a good deal more either of allegory or of amusement to justify the extravagant hypothesis.

THE GARDEN. By L. A. G. STRONG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

A pleasant novel, by the author of "Dewer Rides" and "The Jealous Ghost," this book tells a simple story of a boy. Dermot Conroy is a young Irish lad whose parents live in England, and who visits Ireland during the summer months every year. The Irish visits leave an impression with him "separate" from his impressions of England, and somehow more vivid. Dermot's Irish experiences are given, in this book, partly as if they were happening at the present time and partly as if they happened long ago and were now being remembered.

There was a garden at Dermot's grandparents', in Dublin, in which they boy used to play. This garden eventually comes to stand, for him, as the symbol of Ireland, and in his earliest recollections he remembers confusing it with the Garden of Eden. There he played with his pets and watched the prowling stray cats, even helping his father get rid of one, in a curious and memorable exploit. There he had tea with his grandparents and his Irish uncle and cousins, made the acquaintance of snails, and talked to the gardener and his grandfather's servants.

But Dermot's experiences were not limited to the garden, or the household, which in the earlier chapters is equally fully described. As he grew older and was entrusted to the care of a man, a former servant of his grandfather's, he made excursions through the outskirts of Dublin and along the waterfront, where he learned to fish. His cousin, Con, took him to the theaters, and he often went to the house of his uncle, on visits.

In short, the boy grows up, and gradually includes more people and things within his horizon. We watch his expanding consciousness in the novel, and we follow and share to some degree his experiences. The story is not particularly significant, except as the story of any boy's childhood is significant—for instance, of the kind of world he lives in. But the book is interesting in several respects, and is sensitively written—many pages are really exquisite.

THE BENDING SICKLE. By CICELY FARMER. Morrow. 1931. $2.50.

A sympathetic and attractive portrait of a Catholic woman whose whole life is given over to her love for her father, her brother, and her lover, composes the main part of this book. Anna Holmesley Reimann was a woman who gave herself, in keeping with her Catholic monitions, to the cares of those who needed and demanded her, and thereby forsook any individuality in life that she may have had.

Miss Farmer has missed somewhat the point of her book, one feels, in not stressing the tragedy of a life wasted on others that might much better have been spent in self-development. However, the portrait of the passionate and lovely Anna is very appealing, and the characters of those with whom she comes in touch are all done with considerable skill.

Occasionally the style irritates by its use of over-frequent short declarative sentences, but Miss Farmer does well to err on the side of simplicity.

The action takes place chiefly in London,

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

though the most poignant and memorable passages are to be found during Anna's inconclusive but beautiful love affair on the boat going to, and briefly while in, China.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ADAM AND EVE. Being Extracts from Their Diaries. By MARK TWAIN. Harpers. 1931. $2.

This is the first time that Mark Twain's famous diaries of the Garden of Eden have been brought together in one volume, according to his own expressed desire.

Juvenile

THE OREGON TRAIL. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Illustrated by JAMES DAUGHERTY. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $3.

As the number of novels and chronicles based upon our Western pioneer history increases, the importance of such first-hand records as Parkman's "Oregon Trail" is also increased, especially when, as in this instanec, they are quite as readable and as picturesque as the fiction which has been drawn from them. This edition, with an introduction by Mark Van Doren, and excellent and numerous illustrations, should be in every boy's library.

Miscellaneous

WILL AMERICA BECOME CATHOLIC? By *John F. Moore*. Harpers. $2.

LABOR FACT BOOK. Prepared by *Labor Research Association*. International Publishers. $2.

A THEORY OF LAUGHTER. By *V. K. Khrishna Menon*. London: Allen & Unwin.

SOCIAL PROCESS AND HUMAN PROGRESS. Harcourt, Brace.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AT HOME. By *Elita Wilson*. Macmillan. $2.

HAMLET ON THE DIAL STAGE. By *Natalie Rice Clark*. Paris: Champion.

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUNDS OF EARLY METHODIST LOTHANISM. By *Umphrey Lee*. Columbia University Press. $3.

HUMAN NATURE. By *William Lyon Phelps*. $1.

MOUNTAINS AND MEN. By *Leonard H. Robbins*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

Travel

SEEING SOUTH AMERICA. By JOHN T. FARIS. Revell. 1931. $2.50.

Mr. Faris's work is quite frankly a "travel book" in the specific sense of that sometimes misapplied word—a more or less spiced-up tourist's manual, that is to say, readably telling the prospective traveller the main show-places on a tour of the South American continent, how one gets to them, and something about what they are like.

He goes down the East Coast, dips into the easily reached Brazilian hinterland, visits the Argentine, crosses the pampa to Chile, and so on up the West Coast, with glimpses of Lake Titicaca and some of the Andean cities, a look at Peru, and a still briefer one at Colombia and Venezuela. He enjoyed his own travels, evidently, and is breezily candid in his mention of various ways and means. Thus, while visiting the Standard Oil Company's camp at Talara, Peru, he heard one newcomer, who had come down from San Francisco on a tramp steamer, speak of the loneliness of the trip. "You should travel on the boats of the Grace Line," he was informed. "You can't be lonely then."

There are brief references to historical background, and excellent stock photographs of such subjects as Rio's harbor, well-known streets, high mountains, llamas, and the like—in short, the sort of volume first-class trippers, booked "for the cruise," borrow from one another's steamer chairs between shuffle-board and tea.

HOTSPUR'S CRUISE IN THE ÆGEAN. By ALFRED F. LOOMIS. Cape-Smith. 1931. $3.

From the school boy in his knockabout sloop to the millionaire in his fine, three-masted schooner, amateur sailors and yachtsmen all fondly cherish the dream of some day cruising in the waters of the Ægean. Mr. Loomis, who shipped from New York to Piræus in the thirty-two-foot auxiliary cruising cutter, *Hotspur*, found it "a veritable Paradise for those who like interesting and diversified sailing." With himself as skipper and his wife as mate, Mr. Loomis sailed with only the "Coast Pilot" to guide him along Grecian shores and between islands of the Cyclades group.

White squalls and sudden calms caused him to exercise all his ingenuity with the sails one moment, and to thank heaven for his auxiliary engine the next; safe anchorages in unfamiliar harbors proved a difficult business. Once leaving the *Hotspur* riding at anchor, Mr. Loomis and his wife rowed ashore, past the stone slipway used by the galleys and triremes of old, to have the ruins of the great temple to Poseidon all to themselves at sundown. From the volcanic island of Santorin, "called Caliste or the beautiful by the Phœnicians," they enjoyed a fast run to Crete, where they found evidences of the truth of the Minotaur legend at the palace of Knossos. Though struck by their sluggishness and stubbornness, they were impressed by the cordiality of the islanders, many of whom "will put themselves to the greatest inconvenience to be kind to strangers," and often without thought of pourboires!

Of the ways and means of sailing one's yacht in foreign seas Mr. Loomis keeps the reader happily informed. As in Masefield's "The Wanderer," a concise case history of the cutter is appended, and details concerning her designing, building, and launching dealt with informally. Sketches of her "lines" are included for the sportsman's perusal. Historical notes are presented as a running commentary. As to them one could wish that in view of the rich associations, mythical and cultural, of the Ægean, more had been set down and less baldly. The naturalness of Mr. Loomis's prose is frequently marred by an overflippant use of slang. A pity this since the book abounds in touches of genuine humor, and the author shows considerable imagination and insight. Though a book which will primarily interest fellow-yachtsmen, yet the landlubber, too, will find joy in the classical beauty of the islands described in "Hotspur's Cruise," and interest in its pages.

Finally, the format of the book, with its attractive decorations by G. Hartmann, and its excellent though small illustrative photographs, is both pleasing and appropriate.

Murder Will Out

By WILLIAM C. WEBER

FRANCIS BEEDING, whose specialty is international intrigue, has concocted an unusually diverting yarn in "The Three Fishers" (Little, Brown: $2). In it Francis Wyndham, Mr. Beeding's arch criminal, again pits his wits against the secret service operatives of two nations. The plans of Wyndham and his two companions, which involve nothing less than a war between France and Germany, are brought to naught after many exciting moments, by a young Englishman, just "cashiered from the Guards," who takes up secret servicing as the "Only Way Out with Honor." Some of the situations are so extravagant that, recalling "The American Black Chamber," they might easily happen.

"The Case against Andrew Fane," by Anthony Gilbert (Dodd, Mead: $2), and "The Company of Shadows," by J. M. Walsh (Brewer, Warren & Putnam: $2), suffer from a complaint often found in mystery yarns. They let you down at the end. The Gilbert book, much the better of the two, concerns a young man who from all the evidence has murdered his wealthy uncle. The boy's sweetheart, believing that no one so scatter-brained as Andrew Fane could be a murderer, enlists two private detectives. They unravel the case in very interesting fashion until the denouément—and then this reader threw the book into the Atlantic Ocean. Perhaps it was the heat. "The Company of Shadows" is the tale of a criminal who "wages a vendetta against crime"—a species of Robin Hood. But under the Robin Hood disguise he builds up a powerful criminal organization of his own which robs and kidnaps and murders. In the end, after numerous red-herrings, the villainous Dieudonne turns out to be someone the reader would never suspect—and what of it?

Having thus hung two new mystery stories by the neck we turn to decorate with the Order of the Silver Skull First Class "The Hanging Woman," by John Rhode (Dodd, Mead), and "The Boathouse Riddle," by T. T. Connington (Little, Brown: $2). The mystery of the woman who hung from a hook in the kitchen of deserted Wargrave House is solved by Dr. Priestly. It is the best of his cases to come our way. The most captious mystery addict may read it with pleasure—and in the closing chapter may note how closely an observation of the worthy Doctor's resembles one of Philo Vance in "The Bishop Murder Case," although the stories have nothing in common.

Sir Clinton Driffield, the detective who solves "The Boathouse Riddle," uses the same methods to find the murder of Horncastle, the gamekeeper, and the young girl from London that made his earlier stories, such as "Murder in the Maze," so enjoyable. The reader works out the puzzle at the detective's elbow and there are no clues hidden up the detective's sleeve, nor any characters who dash in at the last moment holding the lethal weapon. A muddy foot print, a missing pearl, a dismantled phonograph—these supply clues and the man hunt is one that keeps the reader engrossed until the final explanation chapter.

"Sir John Magill's Last Journey," by Freeman Wills Croft (Harpers: $2), comes perilously close to being the best mystery that this noted writer has done, "The Cask" to the contrary notwithstanding. It is quite properly called "the mystery without a clue" and every lead that Inspector French follows to the bitter end runs slap into an apparently impregnable alibi. At last, however, the inspector finds one infinitesimal flaw and then begins a man hunt that concludes in a furious mêlée on the rain-swept hills behind Belfast. Never has Mr. Croft constructed a tighter plot and never has he sent his detectives ramping up and down such interesting country. Its merits as a mystery aside, "Sir John Magill's Last Journey" is an excellent guide book to Western Scotland and the north of Ireland—and one cannot help thinking that with such a storied countryside to explore the English—and Irish—detective's lot is not entirely an unhappy one.

If it were only for the inclusion of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's marvellous pirate yarns of Captain Sharkey "The Omnibus of Adventure" (Dodd, Mead: $3.50) would be worth the price of admission, but besides the Sharkey tales there are 41 other stories including such masterpieces as Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King," Zola's shuddery "The Death of Olivier Becaille," "The Roll Call of the Reef," by Quiller-Couch, and tales by De Maupassant, Joseph Conrad, Robert Louis Stevenson and others too numerous and exciting to mention. It is edited by John Rhode who may be gently chided by the shade of Richard Harding Davis for crediting his story "In the Fog" to Robert Howard Russell on the "Acknowledgements" page, though it is correct in the text. Here is a book that will wile away the tedium of the longest journey and afford savory fare for many a long winter evening.

For sheer spookiness and long sustained suspense there have been few stories to equal "The Appointed Date," by J. Jefferson Farjeon (Dial: $2). Most of the action takes place on a mist shrouded English moor—the mist so thick that visibility is a matter of inches. The young Londoner on vacation who is the hero of the tale first finds in the mist a lovely girl with a sprained ankle; then a secluded farmhouse with morose servants and an owner who is daily receiving messages that his violent death will occur at midnight Sept. 1—a time only hours away. Inspector Hobbs in search of escaped Convict 83 then materializes from the murk, and finally there appears "Mr. Lomas" who holds the key to the intended murder. The author's "cut back" to the events leading up to the tragedy may be too artificial for some readers but that is a small defect in a thoroughly good yarn.

When Peter Bavent rented Glebe Cottage in a remote Suffolk sea-coast town all was so tranquil and well-ordered that the reader of "The Fleet Hall Inheritance," by Richard Keverne (Harper: $2), instinctively scents crime lurking 'round the corner. The mysterious, half-blind John Soane who had inherited the manor of Fleet Hall; his major-domo Owles; Freddy Cornish, the vapid young artist—who turned out not so vapid, after all—and a crowd of engaging minor characters supply almost continuous action. The secret of Fleet Hall and its odd occupants is at last solved by a group of detectives—most of them amateurs—working for a part of the story at cross purposes, which adds to the excitement. There is not any particularly brilliant detection, but plenty of suspense, unexplainable happenings, and a generally spooky atmosphere place the tale above the average.

Patricia Wentworth's "Danger Calling" (Lippincott: $2) is in the Francis Beeding manner, which may recommend it to many readers. There is an international criminal, "the Vulture," disobedience to whom means torture or death, two beautiful girls whose happiness and lives are in jeopardy, a brave young Englishman who is willing to "die for his country," and—a really remarkable characterization—Restow, a colossal Sangeresque creature who may or may not be the arch-criminal. It is all very easy to read, and virtue finally triumphs after kidnappings, set-tos with deadly snakes, and the like.

Gavin Holt's "Green Talons" (Bobbs-Merrill: $2) also deals with an international criminal, this time called "the Hawk." This pleasant person robs, kills, and commits other depredations all over Europe, earmarking his crimes with a talon-engraved poker chip. Detectives of all nations, Scotland Yard, the Sûreté—even the Soviet sleuths—try to catch him, but are evaded or killed when they get too close. He has hired bravos in every dark alley, airplanes that annihilate ærial detectives with machine gun fire, and never a trace of the "big shot" himself. But, woe and alas, he finally makes one little slip that attracts the attention of Professor Bastion, the absent-minded master investigator, and the talons of the Hawk are clipped—forever? Possibly so, but Mr. Holt doesn't show us his corpse, and the Hawk may return some day. The book is cleverly written, endlessly exciting, and is set in richly colorful scenes ranging from Petrograd on the night that Kerensky fled to festival times on the French Riviera and at Monte Carlo.

"The Murder Tree," by Leslie McFarlane" (Dutton: $2), is the first "Dutton Clue Mystery" in many moons to rise above subnormal. The hand of a murdered man is found protruding from a hastily dug grave beneath a giant oak on a secluded Massachusetts lane. Before the story is over, two other bodies lie beneath the tree, and a fourth murder, that of a man who knew too much, is committed. The extraordinarily tangled threads of the plot are unravelled by Michael Brent, a keen-minded lawyer-detective, who quite unostentatiously threads the maze of blackmail, criminal double-crossing, family efforts to hush up one of the crimes, and bucolic villainy, to a surprising conclusion. A good story.

For the lightest kind of summer reading, so airy that one has to grip it tightly to keep the volume from floating away, we suggest "Mouse Trap," by M. N. A. Messer (Putnams: $2). It is the tale of a young English girl held against her will in a French chateau by a debonairly wicked nobleman and his somewhat unwilling tools. She is finally rescued by the man she loves after enough adventures in secret passages, dungeon cells, and behind sliding panels to satisfy any reader who likes pleasantly sugar-coated thrills.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

M. A. O., St. Louis, Mo., is making a study of sonneteers in America within the last quarter of a century and asks for books on the subject.

HOUSTON PETERSON edited a fine large "Book of Sonnet Sequences" (Longmans, Green) last year, which makes an excellent starting point; it gives sequences by twenty-one poets, including the Americans: Longfellow, Santayana (who seems always counted as an American poet), William Ellery Leonard, Alan Seeger, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Thomas S. Jones, Jr., and Conrad Aiken, with a valuable introduction. No study such as this could leave out the remarkable "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter," by Arthur Davison Ficke, the "Ideal Passion" sequence of George Edward Woodberry, of which Jessie Rittenhouse said that it "invoked again the spirit of the 'Vita Nuova' and other expressions of love sublimated to an unattainable ideal," the nineteen sonnets in Elinor Wylie's "Angels and Earthly Creatures," the sonnets of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Joseph Auslander's sonnets to Amy Lowell, the "Savage Portraits" of Don Marquis, "Sonnets from the Patagonian" and "Discords," by Donald Evans, Sara Teasdale's early "Sonnets to Duse," David Morton's "Ships in Harbor," and examples of the use of this form by Louis Untermeyer, Leonora Speyer, Archibald MacLeish, and John Hall Wheelock. Alfred Kreymborg's history of American poetry, "Our Singing Strength" (Coward-McCann), an amazingly comprehensive survey of all we have done in verse from our beginnings to the present, has an illuminating account in the chapter "Originals and Eccentrics" of the return to the sonnet form by several of the former "verse libertines," with special reference to Lola Ridge's sequence "Red Flag." Mr. Kreymborg's history is accompanied by an anthology, "Lyra Americana" (Coward-McCann). There are fifteen sonnets in "The Book of American Negro Poetry," edited by James Weldon Johnson (Harcourt, Brace), by J. W. Johnson, Benjamin Brawley, Leslie Pinckney Hill, Alice Dunbar Nelson, Claude McKay, Countee Cullen, and Gwendolyn Bennett, besides Mr. Johnson's translation of the famous sonnet "To My Mother," by the Cuban Placido.

Though George Henry Boker does not come within the quarter-century limit, the publication of his three hundred and thirteen fiery "Sonnets: a Sequence on Profane Love" (University of Pennsylvania) took place no further back than 1929, when Edward Sculley Bradley discovered them in a cupboard in the house of the daughter-in-law of the poet in Philadelphia, in the course of his collection of material for his life of Boker, and edited them for publication. This, and the extraordinary vigor and lyric cry of the sonnets, should put them into this collection; they are almost embarrassingly autobiographical, as indeed the best sonnets usually are.

NEWS continues to arrive about "Si Klegg," but of a conflicting nature: *N. A. S., Hollis Centre, Maine,* says that "Si Klegg: Parts I and II" was written by Col. John McElroy and first published in the Washington *National Tribune,* a periodical devoted to the interests of the G. A. R. It was afterwards issued in book form, in two volumes. *M. K. H., Kirkwood, Missouri,* says that the book was "Corporal Si Klegg and His Pard," published by the *National Tribune* of Washington: "not in print now, as I found on trying to get it for a Civil War Veteran who once owned a copy and says it is a very accurate account of the life of a private in the Civil War." *J. E. U., Dubois, Wyoming,* says that the list of Italian novels in English translation overlooked "The Devil at the Long Bridge," by Riccardo Bacchelli (Longmans, Green). "And" he adds, "hasn't Louis Forgione written a novel whose scene is in Italy? He was the author of 'The River Between,' which is of Italians in and near New York, published by Dutton and an interesting story." This novel must be "The Men of Silence" (Dutton), a thriller which describes the tracking-down of the Camorra, beginning in 1906 and culminating five years later with the downfall of the secret society. It is in the form of fiction, based on authentic inside information, and beats any fictional effort at crime thrillers that I have read; it begins with one murder, adds another and another, and continues with real detectives fighting against odds.

R. M., Oakland, Md., asks if anything has been written in English about the Russian stage under the Soviets, and if any Russian plays in the new manner have been translated. The largest and most comprehensive work, of this sort, "The Russian Theatre," by Fülöp-Miller and Gregor (Lippincott), was written in German and the magnificent illustrations—more than four hundred of them—then made the book necessary to anyone interested in the subject even without a knowledge of that language Now it has been published here in English, pictures and all by Lippincott, and though it costs $25 it is a whole library in itself. It is concerned especially with the development of the theatre during the revolutionary period. In "The Film till Now," by Paul Rotha (Cape, Smith), there is a valuable chapter on the cinema in Russia, which plays so important a part in the revolutionary program that this book should by all means be included in a list such as this one. Also it has admirable ideas on films in general, and the pictures are great. "The Contemporary Drama of Russia," by Leo Wiener (Little, Brown), is one of a valuable series on the theatre in the world of to-day; it presents playwrights of the revolution as well as those of the pre-revolutionary stage. The first book to come from an American on this subject was Oliver Sayler's "The Russian Theatre" (Brentano), which is given largely to revolutionary dramatists and their productions. "Myself and the Theatre," by Fedor Kommisarzhewski (Dutton), includes the revolution and makes vivacious reading, and though Tamar Karsavina's "Theatre Street" (Dutton) has very little to say on the Russia of the Bolsheviks it has so much to tell about the ancestral Russian school of the ballet and the delightful lost world of the *balletomane* that, gone as all that is, I cannot come so near a chance to speak of it and leave it unnamed. I wish someone would recover for me the exact title and author of one of the best books on the Revolutionary theatre in Russia that I have read; I read it in England year before last, making careful and copious notes, but as I did not add to them the title of the book, I can but guess at it now, and I would like to own the work; I recall it as "The New Spirit in the Russian Theatre," and its emphasis was on the relation of drama production to the general social scheme of the Soviets.

"Red Rust," by Kirchon and Uspensky, the play of revolutionary youth in Russia that made such a stir when given in New York, has been published by Brentano, but I have not seen any other English translations of plays in the new manner. Gladkov's "Cement," highly successful in play form in Russia where it was given by the Trades Union Dramatic Theatre of Moscow, which specializes in party questions and predominating industrial problems, has been published here as a novel by International Publishers.

J. F. H., Allentown, Pa., asks why Swift's "Tale of a Tub" is so named; has it anything to do with the fact (as given in Webster) that the old round pulpits were called tubs and ranting preachers tub-thumpers? or with the rhyme "Rub-a-dub-dub three men in a tub," which is of respectable antiquity? Carl Van Doren, author of the fine biography, "Swift" (Viking), replies that "Swift explains his title in the first paragraph of the Preface to 'A Tale of a Tub': 'Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.' He goes on to explain that he has written his book to serve as such a tub and to keep the enemies of Church and State too busy to have a chance to hurt the Commonwealth."

M. B., Bournedale, Mass., asks for books about the drawing of horses; he has Munning's "Pictures of Horses and English Life," published by Scribner. This is a large, copiously illustrated volume, costing thirty-five dollars. Scribner also publishes "Drawing and Construction of Animals," by W. E. Linton, a well-illustrated English book costing three dollars and a half. A recently published book for children intended to release creative energy is "Draw Animals," by A. Best Maugard (Knopf); in this the horse figures prominently. The child begins with sweeping construction-figures and builds up the horse as he goes. The horse drawings of Will James—in "Lone Cowboy," "Sun-up," and other books (Scribner)—come as near to moving pictures as one is likely to be brought by means of lines on the page.

THE same inquirer needs books for a producer putting on an Arabian play; the Burton "Arabian Nights" would be ideal but he cannot get it. The "Thousand Nights and One Night," rendered into English by E. Powys Mathers from the literal French translation of Mardrus, costs $66 for the eight-volume illustrated edition (Dingwall). C. M. Doughty's classic "Travels in Arabia Deserta" is published by Liveright, also his "Wanderings in Arabia."

For contemporary Arabia, the most important book is T. E. Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert" (Doubleday, Doran); one should have also the "Letters of Gertrude Bell" (Liveright) and Huxley's "Arabia Infelix" (Random House). W. B. Seabrook's "Adventures in Arabia" (Harcourt, Brace) is now also in one of the dollar reprints. Other useful books for this purpose would be "The Arab at Home," by P. W. Harrison (Crowell), "With Lawrence in Arabia," by Lowell Thomas (Century), "Marsh Arab: Haji Rikkan," by Fulanain (Lippincott), and two recent books, "Arabian Peak and Desert," by A. F. Rihani (Houghton Mifflin), and the two-volume "Holy Cities of Arabia," by E. Rutter (Putnam), of which there is also a one-volume edition.

T. H., New York, asks if there is a restaurant guide to take to France. For Paris there is the authoritative "Where Paris Dines," by Julian Street (Doubleday, Doran), which has lately achieved the honor of an airplane edition, light and small so you can take it along when you cross the Channel. This classifies regular and specialized restaurants, the latter including tea places and places for American food, and has a section of "What Paris Drinks." He says that in writing this book, far away from Paris, he found a wistful kind of solace. His descriptions do not make me wistful at all; they just make me ravenous. Frances Noyes Hart's "Pigs in Clover" (Doubleday, Doran) is for the whole country of France, not only Paris; it is a motor tour whose prime objective was good restaurants, whether dear or cheap, and the bills of fare are given, with costs throughout, encased in an amusing narrative. Both of these books are new, so the information is up to date.

E. P. L., Endayon, Minnesota, asks "Was any of your correspondents, brought up in the Charlotte M. Yonge era, interested enough in connection and recurrence of characters in several books to remember which book had the beginning of the story of the Audley family, which we are evidently expected to know before we begin "The Pillars of the House"; also where the references to "KT," whi so pointless in "Pillars," had their o I would enjoy meeting (in correspon another Charlotte Yonge devotee."
author seems to have taken on a new lease of literary life, to judge from the kindness with which young people now receive the various illustrated reprints of her historical novels, such as "Two Penniless Princesses" (Macmillan), which has a charming biographical preface.

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New England Holiday

By CHARLES ALLEN SMART

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Points of View

Words in Use

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. George Bernard Shaw's statement, according to a recent *Saturday Review,* that the English language contains 500,000 words is true, as far as it goes, but in its incompleteness misleading; for there are, as many do not know, from four to six times as many as this in our language. If Mr. Shaw means that 500,000 words are the largest number printed in any dictionary and offered to the public as a reference work on the language that it uses, his figure is nearer the truth, but rather high. What it is commercially profitable to offer as a guide to English is one thing; what English actually is and how many words an English-user may use is quite another. At the best, only an estimated number can be given, for no exact word count has ever been made nor ever can be. Trustworthy estimates, however, have been made. But first let us look at the beginnings.

Robert Cawdrey's "Table Alphabetical of Hard Words," a rudimentary kind of dictionary published in 1604, defined some three thousand words; it aimed not to give a complete record of words known to its compiler, but to explain difficult ones. The same is true of John Bullokar's "An English Expositor," which followed a few years later. What we know today as "the dictionary" did not exist then. "No one appears before the end of the sixteenth century," says Sir James Murray, "to have felt that Englishmen could want a dictionary to help them to the knowledge and correct use of their own language. That language was either an inborn faculty, or it was inhaled with their native air . . .; how could they need a book to teach them to speak their mother-tongue?" Such sources then help us little to number our English words.

The vocabulary of the individual, regardless of who he is, can be only a small fraction of the nation's or that of a group of nations speaking one language. For comparison with Mr. Shaw's figure for one kind of individual's vocabulary I offer the following figures, not as novel discoveries, but as the findings of scientific investigators. Shakespeare's vocabulary may be the richest of any English user, but certainly not the largest. According to Craik it contains 21,000 words; others place it at 15,000 and 24,000. Milton's is said to have seven or eight thousand; the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" combined, 9,000. Max Müller believed that a farm laborer uses only three hundred words, and Wood that the average man uses about five hundred. Basic English, an experimental language adequate for ordinary and literary purposes, has some 850 words. The available evidence is conflicting and confusing. The psychologists, however, tell a quite different story, and, I think, a truer one. Wundt writes that one two-year-old girl knew 489 words and another 1,121. One seventeen-month-old boy used 232 different words and at the age of six, 2,688 or more. Smedburg found that Swedish peasants used at least 26,000 words. And one professor who has tested his own vocabulary found that it comprised 33,456 words, his method being to check off in an unabridged dictionary the words he knew, used, or could use. E. H. Babbitt found that the average adult student knew nearly 60,000 words and that people who had never been to college, but with an ordinary common-school education, were regular readers of books and periodicals, knew from 25,000 to 35,000 words, though some went higher, even to 50,000. From these facts we find that an adult may have from 300 to 60,000 words that he understands, in his native language, but the highest of these estimates is not to be taken as the number of words in the language; English contains all the words used by well over 150 million persons and in addition many important words no longer in common use, but used by writers of the past. Chaucerian English, for example, is not now commonly understood, but that it is English and important English is attested by the fact that at least one modern American dictionary is a complete glossary to Chaucer's works. One man may be an engineer, a writer, a traveller, and a politician, and yet have only a slight knowledge of the words commonly used in a thousand other occupations or walks of life.

So, having looked at two sources of information—the early dictionaries and individual vocabularies—and found them inadequate for our purpose, we must turn elsewhere. Not until 1781, when Nathanael Bailey published his "Universal Etymological English Dictionary," had any word-book attempted to be "complete." No need to give the number of words in this work, Doctor Johnson's, or other subsequent ones until we come to 1928, when the "New English (Oxford) Dictionary" was completed; for it supersedes and outdoes in every respect any of its predecessors. It records some 414,825 words, the greatest number so far collected into one printed work. At least two other dictionaries contain about as many and in the future will undoubtedly contain half a million or more.

This is a partial answer, but only a start. It is authoritatively established that there are from two to three million words in the English language. They are not all words that we must know to read intelligently, but some are words explained in no accessible book, words we have sought in vain to learn the meaning of. This is the estimate made by the editor of "Webster's New International Dictionary" and recently confirmed by his successor. This staggering fact means that if your large dictionary were really complete, it would be from four to six times as large as it is and unwieldy beyond use. The question arises: What are these unrecorded millions of words? Lacking the lexicographer's computations for the figures given above, I can only say that they are of many types, ten of which are: words seldom written or spoken now, but still found in printed works; words used sometime in English, but not fully anglicized; words formed with affixes (for example, those formed with *non-, anti-, sub-, super-, -ness, -wise, -minded, -ship,* and *-ly*). The word *kindheartedly,* which no one would hesitate to use, is not known to exist in print, and the printed citation is necessary before a word can be considered for definition and entry. Lexicographers usually ignore mere oral evidence, have so far not printed *kindheartedly;* variant forms; hyphenated words; inflected forms; slang (though much slang is recorded); out-of-the-way colloquialisms; coined and nonce-words; and shortened forms, like *lit* for *literature* and *phil* for *philosophy.* Besides these and other kinds of words I give some specific ones, a few of many that I have found in general reading, but which I have not, at one time or another, found in dictionaries: *Ozymandias; shawd, n.* (Arnold Bennett's *"Clayhanger"*); *round* (slice of bread; ibid.); *klangpsychosis; mushroomic* (G. Meredith); *boresome; hooker* (liquor glass); *whomever; philotheoparoptesism* (T. L. Peacock); *hidy-hole* (M. G. Bishop); *hoist* (past participle); *erregende; prissy; pourried* (C. Morley); *personalia; domnei* (Cabell); *bibliotics; barrow-pig* (Hardy); *decompensation* (of the heart); *suramerican* (Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth"); and each of the several words reputed to be the longest in the English language.

HAROLD WENTWORTH.
Former Associate Editor, "Webster's New International Dictionary."

"Massacre"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I note Mr. Gessner's protest against my criticism of his book "Massacre." Most of it requires no response, since it is so largely a matter of values. It is one of those cases which I have reference to in which ignorance plays so large a part. Mr. Gessner is evidently completely unaware of the fact that the whole question of Indian arts has for a long time been receiving the thoughtful attention of a group of people to whom it is owed that there are any Indian arts to legislate about. It is to this Society that I referred him, and not to the Indian Rights Association. It is called the Indian Arts Fund, and its headquarters are at the Laboratory Museum, Santa Fe, New Mexico. This organization has been working in complete agreement with the Secretary of the Interior and with the hearty coöperation of the present Commissioner of the Indian Bureau. The Indian Arts Bill, to which Mr. Gessner referred, was not approved by this organization, and it was due to their representations that the Department of the Interior withdrew its support of the Bill. Mr. Gessner, when he undertakes to make so public an estimate of the Indian problem, should not have neglected to inform himself about the work of this Society, which is revolutionizing the entire economic organization of the Indian tribes.

As a reviewer I have been in the past very lenient to those people who, with even a very little inquiry into the subject, grow at once very enthusiastic about Indians and indignant over the way they have been treated, but as the situation now stands, it is no longer possible to excuse lapses of real understanding because of an emotional interest. This, I think, fully accounts for those things in my review to which Mr. Gessner objected.

MARY AUSTIN

Plymouth Brethren

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Like many another uninformed layman, I have recently read through the pages of Lewis Browne's interesting book, "Since Calvary," hoping to find in it an unbiased and fairly accurate account of religious history. From its pages I have learned much and been entertained a great deal; but I found its story was not so unbiased and not so accurate as I had hoped it might be.

Frankly, I did not know much about the history of religion since Calvary, prior to reading Mr. Browne's story. There happens to be, however, one phase of it with which fate once threw me in very close contact—and it is concerning this phase that I find Mr. Browne very much in error.

He refers in his chapter, "The Ordeal of Survival," to the "Brethren" movement in England—to a group of believers who were opposed to professional ministries and established rituals, and who for a time carried on a movement under the leadership of John Nelson Darby. Then says Mr. Browne: "They failed of their purpose, of course. . . . The Plymouth Brethren were compelled to organize themselves, establish a discipline of worship, and submit to the rule of chosen officers." The author then gives the impression that the group hopelessly divided and finally lost its identity.

It might interest Mr. Browne to know that now, more than one hundred years after the founding of the so-called Plymouth Brethren, large groups are still holding regular services in all of our largest cities and in practically every leading country throughout the world. And I know of at least one group of the original Darbyites that has not been compelled to organize; that has not as yet established a discipline of worship; that has not as yet submitted to the rule of chosen officers.

Thousands of them are meeting three and four times a week, in obscure rooms above stores in out-of-the-way places. They still wait patiently in their seats of a Sunday morning for the spirit that moves them to prayer. They still shun stained-glass windows, organ music, and ordained ministers. They still study their Bibles with the zeal of old. And when they wish to verify their dogma, they turn not to the King James version, but to the translation of their old leader, John Nelson Darby.

I pass this along to you thinking it may be of some interest to your readers. To those who liked Mr. Browne's book, it may serve as supplementary reading; to those who were less pleased, it may act as a solace.

THOMAS H. MULLEN.
Chicago.

Claims and Truths

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Controversy does not fit any too well in the text of a *Review* that is devoted to end-results of scholarship in criticism, and yet it seems to me that some member of the regular medical profession ought to express his reaction to the letter from an osteopath in the Points of View column for May 16th. Quoting Dr. Hulbert's quotation from Dr. Sachs: "the medical profession is set against the unwarranted and almost absurd claims of osteopathy." Quoting from Dr. Hulbert farther along in the letter, "the medical profession is set against the truths of osteopathy."

Please place these two quotations in parallel columns and see if any funny business comes in. The medical profession is not opposed to the truths of osteopathy; it is opposed to unwarranted claims. Osteopaths claim that they move bones of the spinal column, for example. Anybody who would like to form his own opinion about that claim may step into a butcher's shop and look at the spinal column of a sheep sawed lengthwise. "We regulars" call it fraudulent pretense when osteopaths or chiropractors say that they move bones of the spinal column. We will leave decision, however, to the layman, who takes a look.

Do we object to the "truths" of osteopathy? Not a bit of it. We object to the falsehood and that's where our prejudice takes deep root. Mechanotherapy has enormous values, and that "truth" of osteopathy or of chiropractice may be—and is—highly beneficial when applied in the right spot. I would underscore the last six words if underscoring did not look the way it does in the printed line,—it is said to be unnecessary if one writes well enough. Now, how about that right spot? I have seen a boy die from acute miliary tuberculosis because a chronic, curable tuberculosis of the hip joint was being manipulated. I have seen a woman die from cancer because a cancer that had been curable was treated by manipulation. I have seen a young man die from peritonitis because of manipulation applied "for emptying the appendix." I have seen a man whose neck was broken in manipulative attempts at curing a headache. The headache may have been caused by any one of a dozen factors, but the manipulator didn't know about those. He said that a bone of the spine was out of place and he would set it. These cases quoted may be multiplied by the hundreds that come to the knowledge of the regular medical profession every day.

Are we prejudiced against the claims of osteopathy? Yes! Are we prejudiced against the truths of osteopathy? No! We regulars make a lot of bad mistakes despite our elaborate education. Osteopaths make more and worse ones to the extent that their education is less than ours. Legislatures allow them that privilege on the ground that they will confine themselves to treatment of suitable cases. There's the joker! Who knows which case is the suitable one for any kind of treatment? The best diagnostician and clinician who can be secured—and the best one makes mistakes.

ROBERT T. MORRIS, F.A.C.S.
New York City.

MAY LAMBERTON BECKER says:
A remarkable novel has just slid into print, "God in the Straw Pen," by John Fort, presenting in a close-woven series of episodes the course of a camp meeting in Georgia a century ago; it is a true historical novel, true to time, place, and character, and with enough of the timeless in it to make it more than historical.
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A Critical Essay

EMMA AND MR. KNIGHTLEY. A Critical Essay by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. New York: The Saturday Press. 1931.

A CRITICAL essay by the Editor of this *Review* has been put into type and printed in an edition of twenty-five copies by Margaret B. Evans at the Saturday Press. The short essay makes a slight volume, but a very charming one, and that it is issued as a Saturday diversion makes it appropriate. R.

Ancient Writing

A FEW NOTES ON ANCIENT WRITING. By H. O. SKOFIELD. Mount Vernon: At the Academic Press. 1931.

ONE of the by-products of the Printing House of William Edwin Rudge of which he may well have been proud is the number of unpretentious private printing ventures started by men who have worked at his office. The latest offering of this sort is a small brochure set up by linotype student operators, and printed on the hand-press under the direction of Mr. Skofield. Twenty-six copies were printed in Granjon type. This may seem like preciosity, but really it is of more value to a young printer than a complete mastery of a cylinder press or a composing machine. R.

SMUGGLER'S LUCK. By EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE. Morrow. 1931. $2.

There is good material for a novel in the adventures of Nantucket ships and seamen during the Revolution, in the discouraging days after the collapse of the island's whaling industry. But "Smuggler's Luck" does not do the job properly. Instead of having the vitality and breadth of a good historical novel, it is merely naive and bloodless. Mr. Stackpole is, to be sure, at his ease in describing the Nantucket of the Revolution, but he never succeeds in telling an interesting story.

The end papers and four illustrations, by Richard Rodgers, are pleasantly decorative.

THROUGHOUT August, Mr. Constant Southworth of The Southworth Press, Portland, Maine, will continue the exhibition begun last month at his summer home at Cumberland, Maine, of rare books and manuscripts loaned by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach.

In connection with this exhibit the Press announces the publication of two volumes of unusual interest to book collectors and connoisseurs: "American Children's Books, an Account of Early Nursery Life," by A. S. W. Rosenbach; and "W. A. Dwiggins, a Collection of His Designs." In addition, there will be on view a number of volumes printed at the Press; and original drawings and printed designs by W. A. Dwiggins.

The Laboratory Press

FROM the Laboratory Press at Pittsburgh I have received a further assortment of the specimens printed from time to time by the students in that course. If there is necessarily a sameness about these student's *projets* this monotony is redeemed by the uniformly high quality of the sheets, and the evidence which they show of a high standard of design and workmanship continuously maintained. The Laboratory Press established by Mr. Garnett, must in time exert a very considerable influence on American typography, since it is apparently the only school for printers in America where artistic standards are maintained or even seriously considered. R.

French Binding

LA RELIURE FRANÇAISE. By ÉTIENNE DEVILLE. Part II, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. Paris: Éditions G. van Oest. 1931.

THE present small brochure of fifty pages and thirty-two plates brings down to the end of the nineteenth century the history of French bookbinding by M. Deville, Director of the Library and Museum of Lisieux which was begun by the first part, on sixteenth and seventeenth century bindings. There are chapters on Bindings of the Eighteenth Century, Bindings of the Revolution and the Restoration, Bindings of the Nineteenth Century, and a very short bibliography. The thirty-two gelatine plates of binding are well executed, and show the work of various French binders. R.

Utah Printing

THE BEGINNINGS OF PRINTING IN UTAH, with a Bibliography of the Issues of the Utah Press, 1849—1860. By DOUGLAS MCMURTIE. Chicago: John Calhoun Club. 1931. $6.

THE first printed sheet in Utah—then the "State of Deseret"—was an issue of paper money in 1849 for the use of the Mormon settlers. Brigham H. Young, nephew of the Prophet, was one of the two printers. From that date to 1860, when this record closes, 42 documents, pamphlets, and books are listed in the bibliography, seven of them known only from contemporary evidence. As might be supposed, the typography of these early Western imprints is pretty bad, but that does not lessen their bibliography and historic interest.

Mr. McMurtie has added a volume of much importance to his monographs on American printing, a book of some hundred pages with several reproductions of rare issues. He tells the story of the vicissitudes of the first newspaper at Salt Lake City, of the shortage of paper, with many side lights on the early history of the Mormons in Utah. The bibliography has been carefully made. It is a queer list, for all but three of the items are governmental or official in nature. The three mavericks are two almanacs (neither apparently existing today) and "A Vocabulary of the Snake or Shoshone Dialect, by Joseph A. Gebow, Interpreter." It is a well arranged check list.

The book is excellently printed. It is set in a version of the Garamond face, and printed on dampened hand-made paper. The binding is in paper boards, with cloth back and gold stamping.

Mr. McMurtie has added another invaluable volume to an impressive list of monograph histories of printing in America, and it is a work well worth doing. That it has been done with considerable typographic interest is fortunate. R.

The Scholartis Press

THE FIRST THREE YEARS: an Account and a Bibliography. By ERIC PARTRIDGE. London: The Scholartis Press. 1930.

IT is quite within the tradition of the English private presses to take themselves so seriously as to issue *apologia* from time to time, outlining not only their plans and hopes, but their achievements. The historian of such ventures usually writes with a frankness and disingenuousness which is of very material aid to students and collectors, and the writer of this book is no exception. Mr. Partridge was the founder of the Scholartis Press, and still remains its proprietor, so that his story has the authenticity of a personal narrative.

The Press was established in 1927 in London. The initial capital was only £100, and that this was a serious handicap is realized by the founder, who recommends a capital of at least £5,000 as necessary to the successful launching of such a venture. Happily the enthusiastic initiators of private presses do not often wait for the accumulation of such fabulous sums! By June of the first year three publications had reached the printers. By January of 1928 the second and presumably final stage of the press's existence had been reached, when sometimes one and sometimes two editions of all books are published—but in either case the editions are actually limited.

The first year of the Press saw nineteen books published, a not inconsiderable achievement for a new venture. In the second year twenty-four books appeared, including "Sleeveless Errand." This latter book, of course, came into conflict with the police, with ensuing annoyance and financial loss to the Press—the more annoying because, as Desmond MacCarthy said: "that the book was moral was not denied in the law courts, but ignored." The law, as usual, was a "hass."

From the beginning to October, 1929, the sole style of the Press was The Scholartis Press: it then became a private company with the trade name of Eric Partridge, Ltd., with a full publishing style of "Eric Partridge, Ltd., at the Scholartis Press," though the imprint was varied somewhat. The Directors are Mr. Partridge, Captain Bertram Ratcliffe, and Mr. Wilson Benington. The offices of the Press have been at several addresses: at present they are at 30 Museum Street.

As to the aims of the Press, it is a bit difficult to determine any very definite plan in the publications, other than the personal choice of the publisher and his statement that of every book he demands quality, whether scholarly or artistic, "and a production that is, at the least, adequate." The Bibliography is roughly divided into "[illegible] abethan Gallery, Scholartis Nineteenth [illegible] tury Novels, Nineteenth Century High [illegible] and Byways, and Oriental Bazaar"—[illegible] gives some clue to the catholicity of the publisher's list.

The present résumé of the work of the Scholartis Press has been printed in a very comely edition of 800 copies by the Alcuin Press at Chipping Campden, as a small octavo. R.

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AUGUST has come, and the *Phoenician* has gone, and the hot weather stays, and despair has seized upon us. Not because we lack news; we are fairly bulging with items that have been pumped into us by publishers' catalogues and publishers' representatives and excursions into advance proofs of forthcoming volumes, but because, either as a result of the demoralizing effects of the heat or a natural perversity of nature, our mind keeps straying off to all sorts of matters entirely ungermane to our columns. We want to talk of many things . . . of cabbages and kings among others, for we have just happened upon a description of the "olio" soup habitually served at the court balls held in Vienna and Budapest by the late *Emperor Francis Joseph.* Well, now that we come to think of it, soup has good standing in literature. Didn't *Thackeray* sing the praises of bouillabaisse, and wasn't the Mock Turtle moved to tears at the thought of "beautiful soup, so rich and green, Waiting in a hot tureen!"? So who can tell but that Herr *Rudolph Munsch,* pensioned Court chef, who has just revealed the recipe for "olio," is furnishing, and that we are transmitting, inspiration for some bard of the future? Could anyone fail to wax eloquent over a concoction that took two days and two nights for the making, and into which went "three kilos of veal or ham, three kilos of mutton, five or six kilos of venison and other game, roasted in butter and then boiled; eight calves feet and two oxen feet turned into jelly, four white cabbages stewed with three and a half kilos of smoked and fresh pork, two kilos of maize seeds, two kilos of chestnuts, three litres of lentils, one kilo of pearl barley, and a few French carrots roasted with sugar; a bouillon made from beef and veal bones, mushrooms, and other vegetables, cleared by the addition of five kilos of hashed beef, two kilos of hashed ox-liver, and five litres of white of egg, and strengthened by the addition of three cooked fowls (specifically mentioned as 'old'), two ducks, one turkey, four pigeons, five partridges, two pheasants, one goose, and two wild ducks?" There's a dainty dish to set before a king. Still we'll admit the doubt that though it is magnificent, it may not be literature, and shall pass on to other subjects. . . .

If literature, then *Bernard Shaw.* There's no escaping him. What with the newspapers carrying at least one interview with him daily, with his cabling to Doubleday, Doran, which is to publish his "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism" in the Star Dollar Book Series, "I would issue a dime edition if it were commercially possible," with Coward-McCann calling attention to *William Rothenstein's* characterization of him in "Men and Memories," as a "figure apart, brilliant, genial, wholesome, a great wit, a gallant friend," with the British Museum preserving the gramophone records of the pronunciations decided upon by a committee over which he presided, and with a new edition of *Archibald Henderson's* biography of him in the offing, he would have been a center of interest even without the two books announced for autumn publication in which he plays the role of hero. We've been reading advance galleys of those volumes, and though we feel under obligations not to reveal too much of their contents we can't resist whetting your appetite for them by saying that *Frank Harris's* life, which Simon & Schuster is to publish at the end of September, is the liveliest sort of a narrative, with illuminating chapters not only on Shaw himself but upon his forebears as well, and with what seems to us the most discriminating and just estimate of his contribution to literature and his probable place in its history that it has been our fortune to see, and that the correspondence between him and *Ellen Terry,* to be issued at the beginning of October by Putnams, has all the fascination of an intimate personal chronicle of which the principals are persons of distinguished powers and rarely piquant personality. Amazing those letters of the young Shaw who until years after he had been writing to her in the language, if not with the actuality, of love had never met the beautiful actress who responded so warmly to his friendship! . . .

Letters reminds us that Dutton has just brought out under the title, "The Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay," a selection, by *Muriel Masefield,* of passages from the voluminous personal writings of *Fanny Burney.* Especially in the early portion, "A Young Lady's Entrance into the World," are they delightful, as of course all readers of the journal in its original form would expect. Miss Masefield has chosen her excerpts with discrimination, and the "little character monger" starts out from her pages with the buoyancy and witty vivacity which energized "Evelina" and made a shy girl the favorite of a circle of which *Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds,* and *David Garrick* were only a few to do her honor. We couldn't resist it,—after reading her letters, though it was after one in the morning, we took down our "Evelina," and in the freshness of its narrative, forgot time and heat until we had left Miss Anville in the arms of her Lord Orville. . . .

What, we wonder, should be the result of writing in the sanctum of greatness? *J. B. Priestley* has just bought *Coleridge's* old house in Highgate, and there, we presume, will in the future compose his novels. In the meanwhile he and *Gerald Bullett* have gone off to a country inn to collaborate upon a tale of adventure. Reports say that it is a high-spirited story, recounting the experiences of a young man born and bred in a cathedral town who comes to London on a visit and promptly plunges into a series of exciting happenings. One book, of course, isn't enough to satisfy Mr. Priestley's appetite for work and accomplishment, so the while he concocts this picaresque tale he continues to write his South Seas novel. Mr. Bullett, too, has been industrious, and before long is to publish the product of his labor, a children's story, "Remember Mrs. Munch," in which will reappear some of the characters of "The Spanish Caravel. . . ."

We knew that cabbages and kings would be too much for us. Here we've spent our space on them, and said nothing about a dozen books we wanted to mention. We'll tell you about them next week. Until then, adieu.

THE SUBSTITUTE PHŒNICIAN.

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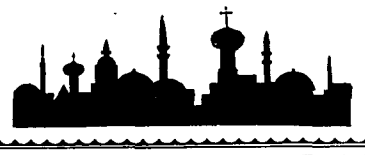

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